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### ENGLAND'S FOREIGN POLICY.

THE debate of Thursday night at least proves that the management of foreign affairs could not safely have been entrusted to a Government of which Mr. DISRAELI was the leading member. Nothing can be more repugnant to English feeling than an ostentatious contempt for the wise and virtuous party which has raised up a fabric of freedom in Piedmont, and is laying the foundations of a similar edifice in all parts of Italy. It is as unstatesmanlike as it is unjust to attribute to the efforts of secret societies the determination of all the educated classes to claim a share in the government of their own country. Mr. GLADSTONE administered a merited rebuke to those professed friends of freedom who have no sympathy or toleration to extend to the Sardinian Government. It is natural that sectarian politicians, who pride themselves on being Roman Catholics rather than Englishmen, should resent the steady courage with which, in Piedmont, the supremacy of the civil power has been asserted, notwithstanding the frantic resentment of Rome; but Mr. BOWYER and Mr. MAGUIRE ought to stand alone in the House of Commons in their hostility to the one Italian State which has determined to advance to greatness by the road of constitutional freedom.

There was, in truth, no serious opposition to the opinions which were expressed by Lord JOHN RUSSELL, Lord PALMERSTON, and Mr. GLADSTONE. It was desirable to place on record the supposed disavowal on the part of France of any attempt to restore by force the banished rulers of the Duchies; and if an Italian Confederation is to be instituted, the scheme can only be rendered possible by a distinct perception of the difficulties which render the first crude project impracticable or premature. The formation of a federal army to maintain the Papal Government in the Legations must be preceded by many changes both in ecclesiastical administration and in popular feeling; nor can the POPE for the present conveniently sit in council with a Government which he has just accused of denying, through one of its most eminent servants, what he is pleased to call the immortality of the soul—or, in other words, the territorial jurisdiction of the Holy See. It is evident that the expediency of a Confederation will also be materially affected by the final settlement of the territories which are now provisionally governed. Tuscany, Modena, and Parma will have five or six votes to represent them, whether they are Sardinian, Austrian, or independent; and when a new weapon is to be employed, it is a question of some importance whether the handle or the point is to be turned towards Italy.

The debate was satisfactory as far as it went, inasmuch as it expressed with accuracy, and in temperate language, the feeling of England towards the Italian cause. That it was not more conclusive and practical in its results was the fault neither of the Government nor of the House of Commons. It was so difficult to go beyond generalities, or to indicate a distinct course of action, that nearly one hour out of two was occupied in an historical dispute involving contradictory statements, both of which were inaccurate, as the whole discussion was irrelevant. Mr. WHITESIDE was mistaken in supposing that Austria ever made a definite offer of Lombardy; and Lord PALMERSTON'S memory underrates the positiveness of his own refusal to forward the compromise which might probably have been effected. The Treaty of Villafranca shows that the plan was not altogether impossible; and the criticisms to which it has given rise illustrate the general judgment of a settlement which leaves Austria firmly planted in Italy. Henceforth it is highly desirable that, if barren historical controversy must be continued, it should be carried on beyond the walls of Parliament. Students have an advantage, denied to

the House of Commons, in declining to trouble themselves with unnecessary investigations, or, if they wish to know the truth as it existed in 1848, they have leisure to weigh the authorities on either side. In oral discussion, the force of the rhetorical triad is so irresistible that Mr. WHITESIDE almost seemed to prove his case when he quoted in support of his own assertion "a statesman, an historian, and an Emperor." Strange as it may appear, historical sceptics might still suggest the possibility of error, although a statement was alleged by an Irish orator to have received the unanimous sanction of Sir JAMES GRAHAM, of Sir ARCHIBALD ALISON, and of the Emperor NAPOLEON. In one or two instances, which it would be invidious to particularize, each of the three authorities has proved to be insufficient. If the author of the pamphlet on "NAPOLEON III. and Italy" had taken occasion to repeat the story of the publicans and their billet-money, the concurrence of two credible witnesses would still have left room for a mistake.

The House of Commons might perhaps have felt a stronger interest in a more recent transaction which still remains enveloped in obscurity. The contradictory statements of the two late belligerents as to the proposals of the neutral Powers are in no degree elucidated by Lord JOHN RUSSELL'S candid explanation. The bare transmission of a French offer to Vienna can scarcely have led to the misconception which evidently facilitated the conclusion of the peace. It is impossible that the Emperor of AUSTRIA can have mistaken a postman for a plenipotentiary, or that he can have imagined that a message from Count WALEWSKI, transmitted through Lord JOHN RUSSELL, expressed the deliberate intentions of Russia, Prussia, and Germany. Mr. DISRAELI, with unaccustomed dullness, was led off on a false scent when he suggested that the part of England in the negotiation between the belligerents had been exaggerated and misunderstood. The Emperor NAPOLEON himself, although he is supposed not to be deficient in Imperial assurance, can scarcely have handed to his brother Sovereign a project recently framed by himself as a resolution deliberately adopted by the neutral Powers. It would seem that Lord JOHN RUSSELL, not finding it convenient to refer to the late Prussian disavowal, has amused the House of Commons by justifying a proceeding which had never been called in question. It is strange that he was not required to explain an entirely different communication, which seems to have procured for the Emperor of the FRENCH the peace which he earnestly desired.

It is stated with much plausibility that Russia and England had taken into consideration a certain basis of mediation, and that Prussia at the same time had formed a scheme more favourable to Austria with the purpose of enforcing it by arms. According to the report, Lord JOHN RUSSELL led the French Ambassador to suppose that the Russian project would be adopted; and the Emperor NAPOLEON, either in ignorance or in prudence, communicated the plan to the Emperor of AUSTRIA without reference to the more practical intentions of Prussia. Count SCHLEINITZ'S disavowal of the scheme proves that some part of the report must be well founded, nor has any other hypothesis sufficiently accounted for the divergence of the statements which have respectively issued from Paris and from Vienna. Perhaps it is well that an irritating controversy should be buried in oblivion, and when Ministers for once express sentiments in harmony with the feelings and policy of the country, an amnesty extorted by contrivance and ingenuity may be ratified by a prudent and generous tolerance.

The question of disarmament is far more important than the past conduct of the Foreign Secretary, and if we could believe that the announcement in the *Moniteur* had any practical meaning, it might well cause general satisfaction. It is premature to inquire whether the

peace establishment of France is the same which, according to Marshal PELISSIER and the EMPEROR himself, existed a fortnight before the march of 150,000 men into Italy. The French navy will probably still be maintained on the footing which has for more than a year excited the just apprehension of England. In either case, remonstrance would be useless and undignified, and vigilance will be more effectual. Mr. DISRAELI has, for the second time, recommended that England should return to her former defenceless condition as soon as France relaxes for a moment her attitude of menace. The Government has thus far not tried so strong an experiment on the credulity or patience of the country, and if such an intention existed, the recent language of the *Moniteur* must have shown that it was altogether impracticable. Judging from the past, it is but too probable that the apparent reduction of the French armaments may be intended to serve as a pretext for corresponding demands upon England. If any such negotiation is to be attempted, it is the duty of this Government to declare that while aggression on the part of England is impossible, defence is a permanent and indispensable necessity. It is possible, indeed, that the bloodshed of Solferino may have produced an indisposition to repeat the slaughter; but fleets are a better security for the coast of the Channel than sentimental reflections. A Government which, by its language and its acts, produces a weekly panic, has no claim on the confidence which it demands in the intervals of menace and bluster.

#### LECTURES FOR JOURNALISTS.

THE indignation which the press has been displaying during the week at the reproofs addressed to it in the House of Commons is quite justifiable. Journalists sometimes rebel against perfectly fair attempts to make them responsible; but the peculiarity of the present attack is that the newspapers are admitted to be entirely in the right. By acts ten times more significant than words the censors of the press are showing that they agree with it. As a correspondent of the *Times* very pointedly puts it, instead of publishing leading articles, they launch line-of-battle ships. And all the while they affect to be angry, because the newspapers publish in print the same thought which they are writing at large in grinning tiers of guns.

What strikes us chiefly about these foolish rebukes is the ignorance they display of the conditions under which the government and policy of this country are to be carried on. It really seems as if the chiefs of the Ministry and Opposition looked upon a free press as something severable from the rest of English institutions. They have the air of considering themselves hardly used, because the newspapers throw into words a set of ideas which are influencing men's minds from John o'Groats to the Land's End. Not one of these great persons grown gray in English statesmanship appears to understand that diplomacy must learn to put up with a free press, just as much as war has to put up with railways. Lord JOHN RUSSELL grumbling at the outspoken frankness of journalism is like General GYULAI lamenting the Lombardo-Venetian system of steam conveyance. The press may often be very much mistaken—though in this case there happens to be no mistake at all—in its views and discussions of foreign affairs; but, right or wrong, well-meaning or ill-intentioned, it is a great fact which must have a place found for it somewhere in official philosophy. It is a great fact, and a growing fact; and nobody is more answerable for the increase in its proportions than the politicians who, by removing the penny stamp, have enabled the influence of newspapers to penetrate to strata of the population untouched by it before. It is really quite pitiable to hear the foremost men in Parliament helplessly complaining of the unreserve of the press. Unreserve is exactly the characteristic of journalism which must inevitably go on augmenting itself so long as England is free. There are other faults of journalists which may be legitimately rebuked. Like everybody else, they deserve to be reproved for unfairness, unverity, personality, or exaggeration; nor do we deny that it is sometimes their duty to abstain from revelations injurious to national interests. But for statesmen to select for oburgation the moment when they themselves are saying through one medium what the newspapers are saying through another, is at once to give the press a great advantage next time it is in the wrong, and to show the country that its affairs are in the hands of men who do not comprehend its true situation.

It is quite wonderful that nobody has endeavoured to place before the House of Commons some intelligible principle which may regulate the relations of countries, whose freedom involves the existence of a free press, with despotic and susceptible neighbours. Mr. BRIGHT, who sneers at old age, ought to be young enough to understand his epoch, and the admirer of the United States might have remembered that the difficulty which appears to perplex Lord JOHN RUSSELL has already been dealt with by the Americans. The occasion in question was a remarkable one. Foreign nations and statesmen—Englishmen above all—are habitually charged by the American press with every crime included within the range of evil, and it is little more than a year since the Senate of the United States resounded the foulest black-guardism on the subject of the policy of Great Britain. Against abuse and misrepresentation in these quarters, European Governments have never been foolish enough to remonstrate, but once or twice their patience has really seemed on the point of being overborne when the American President himself condescended to echo the calumnies of the *New York Herald*. It happened that, when the United States were squabbling with the French Government, twenty years ago, on the subject of money claims outstanding since the great war, General JACKSON sent a Message to Congress in which he spoke in most outrageous language of French diplomacy. The Cabinet of LOUIS PHILIPPE was so ill-advised as to demand an explanation, and was immediately told that communications like the PRESIDENT'S Message must be regarded as belonging to the domestic and private intercourse of the Americans, which foreign Sovereigns were not entitled to notice. It is understood that the French Government withdrew its request, though there could not be a particle of doubt that, morally speaking, the PRESIDENT had been altogether in the wrong.

This principle applies *à fortiori* to newspapers, and we are persuaded that it is the true one. It has the advantage of completely harmonizing with the assumption which lies at the basis of international law. The fundamental hypothesis of the Law of Nations is the individuality of States. Suppose, then, we take the case of an individual under municipal law. You may think—and it is very unpleasant to do so—that your neighbour hates you like poison. You may suspect that he would like to cut your throat. But so long as he abstains from threatening you, and keeps his razors in their case, you are not entitled to molest him, or even to complain of him. Now, in the case of States, the debates of Legislatures and the discussions of journals bear an analogy, not to speech, but to thought. Nation speaks to nation through its diplomacy exclusively. The criticisms of Parliament and Press are not its language, but its mental operations; they are the discourse of the eye with the brain. Foreign Sovereigns may take notice of diplomatic threats and of armaments, which are overt acts; but to complain of leading articles is not to exercise a right, but to be guilty of an impertinence. All this, it is true, is but a fiction; but the personality of States is a fiction also, and, if we are to live under the Law of Nations, we must be consistent in reasoning from the artificial analogies which underlie it. The common sense of the question has been well enough put by the *Times*. If the Emperor of the FRENCH does not like the language of the English newspapers, nothing obliges him to read them or to let his subjects read them. One of his stipendiary journals in London calls him the modern ULYSSES—"the true modern ULYSSES"—not a sham one, like a former Sovereign of France who had not his luck. Let ULYSSES, then, stop his ears with wax. The Sirens are singing of matters which are no business of his, and surely he will not let himself be carried away a second time by his crew of French Colonels.

#### THE MONITEUR ON THE ENGLISH NAVY.

A STATEMENT of facts in the columns of the *Moniteur* is always as deserving of notice as the last new romance, and if its curious comparison of French and English armaments is not quite as instructive as a Parliamentary Blue Book, it has an interest of its own from the ingenuity of its reasoning and the quiet audacity of its assertions. Any argument founded on the figures given by the French official print would be about as useful as a speculation on the military expenditure of China. The French estimates which are paraded have really no relation whatever to the actual outlay, and the only details of expenditure which are correctly given are those which relate to the expenditure of



England. One very transparent artifice is apparent on the face of the manifesto of the *Moniteur*. The Budgets especially selected for comparison are those of 1858, 1859, and 1860; and the years 1854, 1855, 1856, and 1857 are excluded, on the plea that the results which they would show were affected by the expenses of the Crimean war. Perhaps a better reason may be given for this omission than the existence of a disturbing element, which was equally felt by both of the countries, whose comparative armaments were to be considered. The year 1857 is the last for which a definitive Budget has appeared; and even on the assumption that M. MAGNE's figures do not understate the case, we notice a very remarkable fact which the *Moniteur* was naturally reluctant to produce. The estimates of the French Ministry of Marine for that year amounted to 5,000,000*l.*, but the actual expenditure confessed by the definitive Budget shows an excess upon the naval and military estimates of nearly 5,000,000*l.*, a very large proportion of which was due to naval expenses. There is every reason to believe that the actual expenditure in 1858 and 1859 has been not less disproportioned to the prospective estimates; and when the *Moniteur* assures us that the estimates for 1859 are below 5,000,000*l.*, it leaves it quite an open question whether the actual expenditure did not reach double that amount. The truth is, that the estimates of an absolute Government do not admit of being compared with those of a country where the Executive is under efficient Parliamentary control. The financial statement of a French Minister does not profess to be anything more than a speculative announcement of what the expenditure is expected to be. If economy is found more difficult to practise than to promise, there are always abundant means of dispensing with the obligation. It is considered quite legitimate to use the savings in any one branch of the administration to eke out the excessive cost of another. To refer again to the last Budget which has received any kind of authentication—that of 1857—it appears that 800,000*l.* was saved in various departments, and devoted to the manufacture of docks and the building of frigates. Then there is another unfailing resource which is sanctioned by the financial traditions of France, though in direct opposition to the law. A very large sum is annually appropriated in the estimates to the Sinking Fund, and annually devoted, in fact, to any purpose for which it may be wanted. When these, which may by comparison be called the legitimate sources of relief, are exhausted, there are still the remains of old loans and the proceeds of new ones to fill up the gap between expenditure and estimate.

The real truth as to the expenditure for military purposes up to the end of 1857 was effectually veiled by loans of 60,000,000*l.*, contracted during the progress of the Russian war; and just when an exposure of the machinery of French finance seemed imminent, a new loan, nominally limited to 20,000,000*l.*, baffles the curiosity of impertinent foreigners. There is nothing unnatural, perhaps nothing very unreasonable, in a practice which converts the annual statement of accounts rendered by an absolute Government to itself, into little more than a convenient vehicle for the glorification of the Empire, and the announcement of the stern economy of a Sovereign whose average loans are 10,000,000*l.* a year. But estimates such as these, though they serve their own purpose very well, are inconvenient when made the foundation of argument. It is not the purpose for which they are designed, and if the *Moniteur* wishes to prove that France can raise armies and man fleets more cheaply than we can, it might easily have found some more conclusive evidence than is afforded by the hypothetical anticipations of an Imperial budget.

The broad fact that the EMPEROR makes a five franc piece do more in the way of creating armaments than a pound sterling does with us is, we believe, unfortunately true; and if he would kindly enlighten us as to the cause of the difference he would solve a problem which has baffled the House of Commons. The disproportion between the cost and the efficiency of our navy has puzzled all non-official inquirers, and the explanation which was expected from the long-promised report on the expenditure of the dockyards seems likely to be withheld until the public grows weary of the bootless investigation. One or two elements of additional outlay are both obvious and inevitable. Our navy has duties to perform all over the world, and many millions of annual expenditure are to be set down to the account of colonies and dependencies. Then there is the grand distinction between this country and any of the other States of Europe, that they simply take their soldiers and sailors, while we

have to buy ours on such terms as the market allows. In bounty, and pay, and pensions, in food and clothing, and accommodation, even in education and indulgences, we are compelled to expend enormous sums which are saved under a system of conscription. In order to be reasonably safe, we ought, moreover, to keep on foot a larger proportionate force, in consequence of the difficulty of obtaining any sudden accession of strength by voluntary enlistment. If the EMPEROR wants 100,000 soldiers, or 20,000 seamen, he signs an edict, and the men are forthcoming. If we desire to levy an equal force, we must offer enormous bounties, and even then have a year or so to wait before the quota is made up. Something like a reserve beyond the peace establishment is, therefore, essential to put us on a level with countries where compulsory service is the rule.

All this involves vast additional expense; but the money is not really laid out upon armaments—it is a tribute which we are willing to pay for exemption from the hardship of the conscription, or the pressgang. It would be satisfactory to think that this afforded a complete solution of the mystery; but there is yet another unexplained item of indefinite extent which is due to wasteful management and insufficient control. We desire at least as heartily as the *Moniteur* can do to see this source of extravagance dried up, and if the contrast exhibited between the results of French and English expenditure should further this end, we shall have abundant reason to thank the *Moniteur* for directing attention to the subject. Our costly system is a source not of strength but of weakness, and nothing can show this more clearly than the fact that notwithstanding our large estimates, France has for many years past outstripped us in the creation of a steam fleet. From the year 1852 to 1858 France added to her fleet twenty-seven screw-liners and eighteen steam-frigates, without reckoning ships building or in course of conversion. In the same period England completed twenty-four liners and nine frigates; and if be true that our expenditure has been so much beyond that of France as the *Moniteur* would have us believe, that should rather be a subject of satisfaction than complaint to our more fortunate neighbours. During the present year we have made up some lost ground, but even the *Moniteur* can scarcely expect that England, whose existence depends on her navy, will continue for ever the culpable neglect which prevailed for so many years.

The whole complaint is so entirely wide of the mark that it is difficult to fix upon one part of it more absurd than the rest. But perhaps the most whimsical feature is the comparison between the cost of the armies of the two countries. The same case is made against both our military and naval preparations, and the *Moniteur* is shocked to find that our army estimates at the present time are almost equal to those of France. No Frenchman would, and we are afraid that no Englishman could, deny that there are at least four times as many soldiers in France as in Great Britain. If this inequality is consistent with equal expenditure, it is difficult to see how any inference as to our naval superiority can be drawn from a consideration of the navy estimates. What we do know is this—that a French Commission reported about a year ago, that by 1860 their navy would comprise forty steam liners, six iron-plated frigates, and forty-nine steam-frigates, which, we fear, is quite as large a force as we are likely to possess at the same period.

The right of an allied Power to remonstrate against threatening armaments will not be denied on this side of the water, and the *Moniteur* has furnished a precedent which may be fairly turned against the EMPEROR by more than one European Power. Perhaps it is in anticipation of such remonstrances that a nominal reduction is announced in the *Moniteur*. But a statement on such authority will scarcely be accepted by Europe as a fact without very convincing evidence to support it; and if the object of the EMPEROR is to appease anxiety by a sham disarmament, as he prepared for war by keeping up a peace establishment, he may receive from other neighbours remonstrances less unfounded than those which he has thought it a good joke to address to England. The only admissible ground for such complaints is the dread of a possible attack. Does the EMPEROR believe that England is in a position to invade France? If not, our armaments do not concern him, unless he considers it a grievance that we should take any steps to secure our own shores from attack. All that is desired here is that a French invasion of England should be, as impossible as an English invasion of France confessedly is. To secure this great guarantee for the peace of the world, our

navy must be considerably stronger than that of a Power which commands half a million bayonets; and if the EMPEROR is as free from hostile designs as he professes to be, he has no occasion to take umbrage at armaments which he does not pretend to regard as other than defensive precautions.

The fact that each addition to our defences is looked upon with jealousy is intelligible only on the hypothesis of a contemplated attack; and much as England is enamoured of peace, the time has not yet come when it will be purchased at the price of trusting our security to the friendship of a faithful ally who feels affronted at any attempt on our part to make ourselves independent of his favour and patronage.

#### AN INJURED EMPEROR.

THE spokesman of the French Senate was right in saying that the last few months have seen a wonderful succession of events. If the French Empire is not exactly peace, neither apparently is it entirely war. LOUIS NAPOLEON is a mysterious friend and an equally mysterious foe. We look for peace, and lo! war. We look for war, and behold all is peace and tranquillity. *La Paix, c'est la Guerre—La Guerre, c'est la Paix*—so runs, when rightly read, the motto of our Imperial ally. The conditions upon which the recent termination of hostilities are based have surprised and disappointed the world. Most of all, they have disappointed the unhappy people who entrusted the cause of Italian liberty to a French Emperor. In a short week the Italian nation passed from the height of joy to the extremity of sorrow. The happy faces that welcomed NAPOLEON's approach are all gone—the flowers and triumphal arches are all gone, too—and he who entered Italy amidst the acclamations of thousands, leaves them on his departure to despair. He returns from Turin to Paris, from tears to smiles, from the regions where nothing is heard but the *De Profundis*, to the region of *Te Deums* and congratulation. The French Senate, the French Legislature, the French Council of State are there to meet him, with veneration glowing in their faces. Is not the Imperial conqueror rewarded for all the annoyance and fatigue he has undergone? Alas! no. Beauty never yet was comforted by the admiration of a domestic circle for the slighting whispers of jealous coteries. NAPOLEON III. finds but a hollow consolation in the worship of his senators, the enthusiasm of his innumerable prefects, the flowery affection of M. DE MORNY. The music of compliment falls half unheeded on his ear. Even M. TROPLONG speaks in vain. What bitter thought is this that neutralizes all the sweets of adulation? What else but the sense of contemporary calumny? "Europe has been unjust" to LOUIS NAPOLEON.

All of us have a cross to bear; and the peculiar cross of the NAPOLEON dynasty is to be unappreciated by the rest of Europe. It is the curse of genius that it is so often misunderstood. Saints, we know, are never canonized till after death; and it is extremely hard upon them. A prophet is no prophet in his own country; and even Emperors, it seems, may be underrated by their generation. This is particularly unfortunate in the case of LOUIS NAPOLEON. He is among the number of those that "understand their epoch." Why should he also be among the number of those whom their epoch refuses to understand? How much more comfortable it would be if both agreed to understand each other! It is so painful to be for ever misinterpreted that the EMPEROR at last has broken silence. Stung to the quick by perpetual detraction, he has spoken out. In his reception of the Diplomatic Body his tone, manner, and language betrayed irritation. His first words were a reproach to Europe. He complains that, at the beginning of the war, scanty justice was done him by the world. Nor did many days pass before a special rebuke was addressed to England. The recent note in the *Moniteur* reminds us of the note addressed before the war to Austria, when she persisted in her wicked injustice of maintaining that France was in fighting trim. It is not very unlike the *premier avertissement* which the French Executive sends some fine morning to an offending journal. After two more such warnings the British Empire will doubtless be suppressed.

We shall not attempt to rebut the charge which the EMPEROR has brought against Europe. We shall merely observe that Europe, though of course mistaken, deserves to be pardoned for her mistake. We have not all the same powers of discerning character that distinguish M. de MORNY

and M. TROPLONG. We are frail creatures, and are obliged, in guessing at the future, to be guided by the ordinary laws of induction from the past. Nor, it seems, have we even read that past as it should be read. At the outbreak of the war we went completely wrong. In questioning the propriety of entrusting the championship of liberty to a despot, we did not perceive that despots are the instruments ordained by Providence for establishing liberty. When we suspected the French EMPEROR's good faith, we forgot that he had never yet deceived anybody that trusted him. In our apprehension of a deep-laid design against the quiet of the world, we forgot that France was totally unarmed. While calculating the distance to which that terrible projectile, war, might travel, we forgot to allow for the presence of a retarding force—Imperial "self-control." In predicting that no sufficient compensation would be given to Italy for her best blood shed in battle, we never thought of the great principle of the Honorary Presidency of the POPE. In wishing that Italy might be free, we overlooked the many dangers and temptations of unrestrained constitutional government. All this was blind, very blind. The event proves how fatal was our error. We can only say that human judgment is at best but fallible, and Europe is at best but human. The Italians, indeed, are worthy of being excepted from the general censure. They showed remarkable justice to the EMPEROR from the first. Like Charity, that hopeth all things and believeth all things, they knew how to trust a genuine liberator. It is true that they now profess to be disappointed. But nations are proverbially ungrateful. Some people show neither sense of favours received nor sense of favours to come.

The worst of the whole business is that, although all has become as plain as daylight to unprejudiced eyes, Europe still persists in her delusion. He that is unjust will be unjust still. Mankind are creatures of habit, and have got into the way of remembering the past instead of only confiding in the future. However this may be—calumniated by unkind contemporaries, his intentions misstated, his rectitude impugned—LOUIS NAPOLEON need not despair of justice. There is yet one tribunal to which he can appeal. Posterity will judge his acts and purposes more fairly than Europe does in 1859. History will recognise the martyr, where prejudice sees at present but the man. Removed from the passions of the hour and the detracting influence of slander, some day or other the *coup d'état* of December will shine out in its true lustre as a great transaction. Side by side with the infamy of England, will be contrasted the mild virtues of the Imperial régime. The French colonels will be then portrayed radiant with modesty and meekness. The Italian war will be recognised at last as wise, temperate, and successful. Our great grandchildren will appreciate more clearly and view more reverently the noble fabric of an Italian Confederation. The POPE and his Chair will appear in all their glory as the coping-stone of the Temple of Freedom. Unbiased by the obsolete considerations of language or geography, men will see how Italy really became free from the Alps to the Adriatic, Venetia free from the dangers of revolutionary change, the Quadrilateral free from the horrors of a siege, Tuscany and Modena free to take back their hereditary rulers—even PIO NONO and the King of NAPLES participants in the saturnalia of liberty to a degree which they probably never anticipated in their holiest dreams. Then will be seen further the unarmed condition of France before, during, and after the Italian war—the perpetual menace which the Tower of London was to Normandy—the unprotected state of Cherbourg and the French coast—what perils France had to fear from the fiery and aggressive ardour of the English militia. All this and much more the Imperial historiographer will have duly recorded for the benefit of future ages, and Imperial innocence will be justified, though late.

Such hope, together with the obvious remark that men never know true merit till they have lost it, is the sole consolation we can offer to the Emperor of the FRENCH. He is not worse off than other great characters. He does but pay the penalty of his superior virtue and prominent position. How many Emperors before now have met with nothing but injustice in their lifetime! There were the early Roman Cæsars, all admirable rulers—if anything, perhaps a little inclined to hide their light under a bushel. Contemporary nations very likely did not discover their excellences till they were taken from them. SCIPIO, who won the battle and made the peace of Zama, was sometimes misrepresented. HANNIBAL, who had it all his own way in

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war.



Italy, did not have it all his own way when he went home. "Virtutem incolumem odimus," says the poet, with the melancholy lot of Emperors no doubt at the moment in his eye. But Truth is greater than Calumny, and will ultimately prevail.

#### OUR NATURAL DEFENCES.

WHEN you are in danger of being suddenly embraced by a faithful ally, the great thing is to know your own strong point and his weak one. Free countries differ from despotisms, among other things, in the natural source of their military power; and if we are to prepare for a struggle with a despotism (let us suppose it is that of China or Hayti), our wise course is not to rely on a feeble imitation of the peculiar weapon of our probable adversary, but to develop and perfect our own. The peculiar weapon of a despotism is a large and highly organized standing army, which serves it not only as an engine of war, but also as a necessary instrument of police. Holding in its own hands the purse-strings of the community, it has no ignorant impatience of taxation to encounter in devoting the proceeds of a nation's industry to the maintenance of a splendid nuisance. It need not fear—Austria does not fear—even to devote as much as two-thirds of the whole revenue of the country to military purposes. If the back of the people breaks under the weight of taxation, loans raised at higher and higher interest will supply the need. True, bankruptcy will come in the end, but that will be in the next reign, or, perhaps, two reigns off; and it does not detract from the glory and greatness of Louis XIV. that Louis XVI. will go to the guillotine. Then, again, a despotic sovereign can use his influence as the sole fountain of national honour, and by treating the army as "the true nobility of France," he can draw a disproportionate amount of the national talent and energy from civil to military pursuits. In short, if standing armies are the bestowers of greatness, nothing is so great as a despot. He may lord it, bluster, bully, grind his own people, and fill the world with alarm and hatred, till his neighbours combine against him, till his subjects rebel against him, till the Grand Commissioners of Disarmaments—Bankruptcy and Revolution—arrive, and put down the invincible armament and the glorious dynasty along with it.

In a free country, on the other hand, the maintenance of such enormous standing armies is out of the question. In a moment of excitement and alarm the taxpayers may be ready to bear high estimates, but repeated experience has shown that, the alarm and excitement over, an "unwise parsimony" will resume its sway and reduce our armaments below the level of competition with those of our despotic rivals. Free countries raise men for their standing armies with difficulty, for free countries are generally prosperous, and want and misery are the great recruiting sergeants. Oude was our great recruiting ground in India, and Ireland, till returning prosperity visited it, at home. Every expansion of commerce, every influx of wealth, and every improvement in the character and education of the people, renders it more hopeless to get men to be shot and shovelled into a trench for sixpence a day. Everything that makes the homes of the peasantry and artisans happier, makes bounties more powerless to draw the young peasant or artisan from his home. Nor, in a country where every calling finds its natural honour and reward in proportion to its usefulness to the community, can it be expected that the standing army will ever absorb that amount of talent which the artificial elevation of the military calling draws into the standing armies of Russia, Austria, and, above all, of France. These are insuperable difficulties against which our Minister of War has to contend in rivalling the standing armies of despotic nations. Regular troops for our colonies and our Indian Empire of course we must have, and a good nucleus of regular troops (at least while there is any danger of invasion) to form the standard of military training and the rallying point of defence at home. But the natural defence of a free country—happily it is for defence only that we think of providing—is its militia, officered by the upper classes. Such a force does not endanger—it rather supports—liberty, which, indeed, can alone produce it. It threatens nobody, provokes no enemies, wastes none of the fruits of industry, opposes no obstacle to civilization, brings upon those who maintain it none of the guilt of keeping up in the world the spirit or the burdens of war. It is recruited, not out of the want and vagrancy of

the people, but out of their prosperity, their happiness, and their attachment to their homes. It fills the country with military intelligence, and turns active and inventive minds to the study of national self-defence, without withdrawing them from the pursuits of peace. It does not interfere in any way with settled and domestic life, or fill the nation with the poison of immorality and its fell attendants, which too surely follow the hired soldier's homeless and licentious trade. If properly composed, and commanded by the natural leaders of society, it forms a great bond of union between the gentry and those under them, and a great security for the stability of the social system. Professional soldiers, of course, vilipend it. The NAPIERS pour scorn upon it on all occasions. Very naturally, for it spoils their trade. It may not do for a great campaign in an enemy's country; but we do not want to make a great campaign in an enemy's country—we only want to be able to range a large and brave army against an enemy invading our own. Show us the instance in which a martial people, led by a spirited upper class, has risen in vain in defence of its own land. Soldiers by profession are apt to think a little too much of the mere tools of war. They forget the hands and hearts. They forget the fire, the intelligence, the resource which a great nation, if it has any warlike training and aptitude, shows under the inspiration of a great struggle. Scarcely anything in the military history of the world has gone as it ought to have gone according to their calculations. Not that their calculations, any more than their art and experience, are without value, but that there is an element which they do not take in. In the Revolutionary war, when the military chances were ten to one against France, France beat the world. It was not till the military chances were ten to one in her favour that the world beat her. Victory went with a description of force not mentioned in JOMINI or NAPIER, called a "good cause," in the strength of which the French Sansculottes beat the first troops in Europe, till, becoming themselves the first troops in Europe, they were beaten by the German Landwehr. Providence does not protect the right with thunderbolts, but it has given strength to the right; and that strength has turned the day on the most decisive battle-fields of history.

Our gentry have now a fair chance of redeeming some portion of that national respect and influence which they must in their cooler moments be aware they have forfeited by a long adherence to all political injustice, by their selfish resistance and ignominious defeat in the matter of the Corn Laws, and by the degradation into which, as a political party, they have since been dragged. Here is an occasion on which the people will be rejoiced to see them at its head, and on which it is their bounden duty to put themselves at the head of the people. By doing so they will revive the only Conservatism that has any life left in it, far more effectually than by taking it to have a fifth coat of paint put on by a bombastic charlatan at Merchant Taylors' Hall. They are most of them, to tell the truth, men of pleasure; idle and useless, with no pursuits but such as kill time and get up an appetite for dinner. In this they fall far below their forefathers, Roundhead or Cavalier, who were the true leaders, military and intellectual, of the England of that day. But, fortunately for their chance of social redemption, their pleasures are of the manliest kind, and they are capable of becoming first-rate officers with great ease. In the old days of genuine Toryism, there was nothing at which they were more indignant than the idea that they, the natural defenders of the country, should be superseded by the hirelings of a standing army. But now they seem perfectly willing to let slip from their hands all military as well as all political power—to pass life, without an employment or an object, in consuming the fruits of other men's labour—to appear before their Sovereign in the uniform of idleness, and to show themselves as mere fox-hunters and game-preservers to the peasants by whose toil their luxury is fed. Upon this they may depend—that if an invader does come, and they are not found where English gentlemen used to be and ought to be, at the head of their people, it will not be honour alone that their class will lose. The nation will seek its salvation in the fierce energy of a revolutionary government. But a revolutionary government will fight, not for game-preservers, but for the element from which it must spring. It will call to the people to save the country, and it will assure them that the country, if they save it, shall be theirs. Convulsive efforts will hurl back the invasion; but the ebbing wave of conquest will leave England a Republic, and the peasants lords of the land.

## ENGLAND AND THE PROPOSED CONFERENCE.

THE debate on Lord ELCHO's motion and on Mr. KINGLAKE's amendment was virtually held on Thursday night. We now know the views of the Government, and Mr. DISRAELI has acquainted us with the only point of attack which the Opposition consider available. Neither party can accede for a moment to the doctrine that there is no occasion on which England should take part in a European Congress. This is, however, an opinion which is not without its advocates. They are attracted by what they consider the bright example of American non-interference, and insist on speaking as if the English Channel were as broad as the Atlantic, and on forgetting that Central America is not quite so safe from American intervention as Central Italy. But the leaders of the House of Commons are aware that it is entirely impossible for England to view without some interest the events which agitate countries with which for centuries she has been closely connected. The most shortsighted self-love would prompt us to take care that we are not threatened by the dangerous increase of power in unfriendly hands, and we have never yet consented, and probably shall never consent, to abstain from exerting an influence in the councils of Europe which we may reasonably hope is beneficial to some of our neighbours. It is the merest commonplace to observe that, if we do not take care, we shall do more harm than good. This may be said of every undertaking the aim of which is to benefit humanity. Unless the Americans take care, they will do more harm than good by abolishing slavery; and, unless we take care, we shall do more harm than good by introducing Christianity into India. But if there is really a reasonable prospect of giving happiness, freedom, and security to any portion of civilized Europe by the intervention of England, then it is the duty of England to come forward. Every case has its own difficulties; and no case could have more difficulties than are presented by the settlement of Italy. These difficulties may be of such a kind, or the solution of them may be so entirely in the hands of other Powers, that England would have no choice but to abstain from taking any part in proceedings where her intervention would be futile or worse than futile. Lord JOHN RUSSELL disposed of Lord ELCHO's motion by assenting to so obvious a proposition as that it is no business of this country to register the terms of a treaty already determined by other Powers. But if a Conference is held, it will have to deal with the future, not with the past. It will decide what is to be the destiny of Italy. If by taking part in the Conference, England can promote the cause of moderate freedom, and confer happiness, according to her views of happiness, on a considerable portion of Italy, she is bound not to let the opportunity pass by.

Mr. DISRAELI attempted to combat this principle by laying down the doctrine that England should never attend a Congress unless the balance of power is endangered. This comes to nothing. The balance of power is always altered by every fresh settlement of the affairs of Europe. Mr. DISRAELI thinks England did quite right in interfering in the settlement of Greece, as the creation of that important country might have seriously affected the relations of the great Powers. But surely it is as important to the great Powers to decide whether those Italian States which desire to annex themselves to Sardinia shall be permitted to do so. The establishment of a State which would include Turin, Milan, Florence, and possibly Bologna, would be as material an event in the history of modern Europe as the settlement of a Bavarian prince on the throne of Athens. But if in theory the doctrine of Mr. DISRAELI is nugatory, it would in practice be equivalent to the withdrawal of England from her place in the councils of Europe. If it were accepted as a permanent principle that England would never discuss European affairs unless on the distinct understanding that she was jealous or distrustful of some other Power, she would soon have to retire from conferences where she must necessarily appear as an antagonist, and not as an arbiter. The system of mutual consultation among the five Great Powers would thus be put an end to. How far this is to be regretted will depend entirely on the purpose which we suppose the consultations to answer. We believe the true view of a European Congress to be, that it is intended to act partly as a means of effecting by compromise and concession what must otherwise be decided by force of arms, and partly as a means of expressing the public opinion of Europe. The Powers cannot afford to meet only to wrangle. They must, therefore, have common bases on which to proceed. If it is well

known beforehand, as it was in the instance of the Holy Alliance, that certain of the Powers will not agree to the principles which others are prepared actively to enforce, there is no room for a Congress, and the Powers which are prepared to act do so, and take their chance of being allowed to act without hindrance. But if a common basis can be agreed on, there is great advantage in the different elements which constitute the public opinion of Europe thus finding a voice. If a Conference is held to decide on the settlement of Italy, England cannot attend it unless the general principle is accepted that the Italians are to determine their own form of government. Italy undoubtedly gains by the question of her independence being thus raised. If this basis is rejected, she will have the moral advantage of having had England as the mouthpiece on her behalf of all that is liberal in the public opinion of Europe. If the basis is accepted, the gain of the Italians is palpable; and when the details come to be arranged, and when points arise some of which may be determined in a manner that will disappoint the Italians, they will have the consolation of knowing that in the opinion of a Power favourable to Italian liberty, the compromise they regret was a necessary one.

We should hear very little of any opposition to England taking part in the Conference, if one is ever held, were there a little more confidence in the Ministers who will on this occasion represent England. Lord PALMERSTON has so often interfered in the wrong way, that a natural doubt is felt whether he can be trusted to interfere in the right way; and he is still paying a most deserved penalty for the recklessness with which he made the policy of England subservient to the private aims of the Emperor of the FRENCH. The distrust of Lord JOHN RUSSELL, which rests on grounds more exclusively personal to himself, assumes the form of a vague conviction that he is sure, sooner or later, to make a mess of foreign affairs. But it must be remembered that the leaders of the Whig party are not in the position in which they were ten years ago, when their unquestioned ascendancy enabled them practically to dispense with the approbation of the other members of the Cabinet. Every step that is taken towards the decision of the question whether England will or will not take part in a Conference, must be submitted to a body of men some of whom belong to a party that has had at least the merit of not throwing itself into the arms of France, while others are notoriously anxious to preserve England from all complications that may lead to war. So far as we know at present, the precautions which the Government intend to take against being drawn into a fruitless or derogatory discussion seem to us very proper precautions. Very probably, the Conference will never be held. The spots of the leopard must have begun to change if Austria agrees to discuss with England the affairs of Central Italy on the basis of the independence of the Italians. But if she will agree to this, it is not for us to hold back; and if the chiefs of the Cabinet are not all we could wish as representatives of England on such an occasion, we must trust to the influence which their colleagues, and public opinion generally, will exercise over their conduct.

## FRENCH POLICY.

THE French wolf is, as might have been expected, beginning to complain that the English lamb is troubling the stream. The comparison certainly fails inasmuch as the unoffending victim of injustice is not likely to be found wholly defenceless, but the analogy so far holds that the proceedings of England are lower down the stream of events. The current will assuredly not be inverted by any attempt to commence a war of aggression against France, but, on the other hand, even the Ministers will scarcely allege menacing remonstrances as an additional reason for discontinuing the preparations which they allege to be altogether superfluous and absurd. When Lord PALMERSTON, and Lord JOHN RUSSELL, and Mr. DISRAELI deliberately contradict opinions and assertions which they know to be true, it ought to be fully understood at home and abroad that they have no intention of acting up to their conventional declarations. Let it be admitted, for diplomatic purposes, that the wolf is not waiting at the next bend of the stream, or even that he is not a wolf. The shepherd is free to play any tune on his pipe which may suit him, if he only adds the precaution of whistling up his dogs. The disagreeable warnings which have lately appeared in the *Moniteur* and in



the *Journal des Débats* are, like the fiercer invectives of the provincial French papers, experiments on popular opinion, corresponding to the addresses of the French colonels. A slighter threat addressed to Baron HUBNER augured the slaughter, within six months, of fifty thousand men; but an attack upon England, involving a second act of piracy against Europe, will give rise to longer hesitation. When the British fleet is brought up to its proper standard, the irritation which its partial completion has occasioned will probably, for the best of reasons, subside. Peace has been made in Italy because the fortresses of the Quadrangle were formidable, while the army of the Confederation was waiting in the background. In the Channel, as soon as it becomes obviously impassable, peace will, for similar reasons, be maintained. The rumours of proposals for disarmament on both sides would be alarming if they were not absurd. That the English fleet should be dismantled while the French forces remain in the state of non-preparation which was certified by the Emperor NAPOLEON and by Marshal PELISSIER on the eve of the war, is a suggestion which would command the assent of Mr. BRIGHT, but scarcely of Lord JOHN RUSSELL himself. Yet it is impossible to measure the depths of imbecility into which professional statesmen might fall if they were not checked and stimulated, to their own extreme annoyance, by the writers of the public press. The idle hireling cordially shares the aversion of the wolf to the obtrusive vigilance of the owner of the flock.

For the present, the tortuous policy of France will find abundant occupation in Italy, without meddling with the affairs of England. There is the Confederation to institute, the Dukes to replace on their thrones, the POPE to persuade into some nugatory promise of improvement, and his subjects to reduce under his hated and degrading sceptre. To crush an indignant nation for the benefit of rulers who abhor their patron, is a task which will require all the ingenuity and good fortune of the Imperial liberator. If the Federal Constitution is actually established, all its members, with one exception, will to the utmost of their ability lean on the Protectorate of Austria. The King of SARDINIA will, indeed, continue to pursue an independent policy, but it is difficult to believe that he will hereafter act in concert with France. A close alliance with Naples, although it would be the best security for the two principal Italian States, is impossible as long as the system bequeathed by FERDINAND II. is obstinately maintained by his successor.

The POPE, as is the custom of the Church in times of difficulty, has referred more than once with significant zest to the copious pages of ERNULPHUS. The last volley of execrations was discharged on the heads of certain heretics of the Piedmontese sect, who have dared to assert the political and religious freedom of mankind. "A foreign 'usurping Power,' says the POPE, in his letter to the Bishop of ALBANO, 'proclaims that God has made man free as regards his political and religious opinions, thus denying the authority established by God upon earth, and to whom obedience and respect are due, forgetting at the same time the immortality of the soul, &c. &c. . . . thus learning too late that there is but one God and one faith, and that whoever quits the ark of unity shall be submerged in the deluge of eternal punishment.' The Emperor of the FRENCH has undertaken to combine the 'foreign usurping Power' in the same federal system with the supreme authority who thus denounces eternal punishment against his new ally. If he succeeds, he will wholly eclipse the triumph which Lord PALMERSTON achieved when, through Lord SHAFTESBURY, he converted Exeter Hall into a Ministerial committee-room. The *Record* itself can only imitate at a distance the sweeping completeness with which the successor of St. Peter 'deals damnation round the land.' The constructive denial of the immortality of the soul, attributed to the Piedmontese Government, presents an admirable illustration of true theological hatred. The functionary against whom the Papal curse is primarily directed is no other than the famous MASSIMO D'AZZGLIO. In the same document the well-authenticated outrages of Perugia are, without an attempt to prove the imputation, coolly designated as 'mendacious.' There is something inexpressibly revolting in the base and ludicrous misuse of language by ecclesiastics who have surrounded themselves with an impenetrable atmosphere of falsehood. A Pope who in any public document had blundered into a plain statement of the truth, would probably suspect himself of an act of disloyalty to the Church. Those who surround him have ceased to be conscious whether they really believe in

the torments which they delight to invoke upon all believers in conscience or in freedom. The two Emperors who undertook at Villafranca to recommend reforms to the Holy See may learn from the Papal pastoral that administrative improvements involving a diminution of the power of the clergy will probably plunge those who promote them into 'the deluge of eternal punishment.' NAPOLEON III. might perhaps be indifferent to remote personal consequences, but he has bound himself to support the system which corresponds to the malignant language of Papal animosity and terror. There is too much reason to fear that French troops will be employed to repress the Bolognese insurrection, as well as to replace the fugitive dynasties of Tuscany and Modena. During a ten years' occupation of the capital the Emperor of the FRENCH has never been able to extort from the Government of the Vatican a single act of justice or mercy. By interfering for the same purpose in the Legations, he will be taking the place of the Austrians by repeating the very acts which furnished him with the most plausible pretext for the recent war.

A purely English politician might perhaps watch the Italian complications with a kind of selfish satisfaction. There is a great advantage in detaching Liberal sympathies from the cause of French aggression. Six weeks ago, Englishmen felt with discomfort that a bigoted and oppressive Government was nevertheless, at its own cost, fighting the battle of European independence. It was impossible to desire either that French victories should be repeated, or that Austrian armies should once more occupy Milan. No such conflict of antipathies disturbs the interest which is felt in the progress of Piedmont, and in the spontaneous emancipation of Italy. From this time forward, French politics, even if they cannot be counteracted, will be thoroughly understood. To a certain extent Austria has been superseded in her office of guaranteeing Italian misrule. It is possible that the extension of French influence may gratify the national appetite for aggrandizement, but legitimate Governments and advocates of freedom equally distrust the revival of the Bonapartist system. All foreign States are likely to concur in the expediency of raising dykes against the threatened inundation, instead of admitting the first overflows for purposes of irrigation. England, at least, is not likely to disarm at the invitation of the *Moniteur*, lest her coasts should be invaded to punish her unreasonable fear of invasion. The general resolution of the country is so unanimous that even Ministers and leaders of Opposition may in time learn to appreciate the meaning and the conditions of national independence.

#### PENNY-WISE.

WE have no idea that the country would be as indignant as Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. WALPOLE seem to suppose, if the Estimates were increased by a sum sufficient to give respectable salaries to the gentlemen who officiate at the British Museum. The British people is not so much in love with knowledge, when it does not directly contribute to profit, that there is very great danger of this branch of expenditure swelling to colossal proportions. It is the peculiarity of these offices at the British Museum that, few as they are in number, and ill-requited as is the labour of their incumbents, they are almost the only appointments reserved to literature and science beyond the precincts of the Universities and of the Church of England. They represent in this country the innumerable small places in the *Ecole des Chartes* and other *Ecoles* and libraries without number which the French Government disposes of, and which have the effect of keeping the aggregate intellectual attainment of France at an extraordinarily high level. The dissociation of the State from science and literature in England has lasted too long for it to be worth our while to complain of it; but here are these offices existing in an institution which, with all its theoretical faults, is popular. No principle would be disturbed by paying the officials of the Museum as they deserve, and not a soul would grumble at their being well paid. It is, therefore, not at all pleasant to find their claims to justice resisted, not by the House of Commons, but by certain leading men in it; especially when those leading men are the members for our two elder Universities.

Nothing could be weaker than the arguments of Mr. WALPOLE and Mr. GLADSTONE against the proposal to increase these salaries. Indeed, they can hardly be said to have argued at all. Mr. WALPOLE confessed that the gentlemen in question were underpaid, but asked, with a mournful

air, whether anybody in this life is remunerated as he deserves. This is a very curious remark to fall from Mr. WALPOLE. Speculatively, it has a certain truth in it; but, as a practical rule of conduct, it would tend to extraordinary consequences. Does Mr. WALPOLE in private life never set a wrong right, because, at best, there must be so much wrong in the world? It is very queer to find a gentleman of the highest principle palming off on Parliament a philosophy which would justify one in never giving a halfpenny to a beggar, never helping a friend, never speaking well of a neighbour. Mr. GLADSTONE, in his desperation or carelessness, argued almost as strangely as Mr. WALPOLE. Admitting, like everybody else, that their salaries were unfairly low, he reminded the House that the gentlemen at the Museum were excessively fond of their employment. This argument involves the astounding assumption that the better a man does his work the worse he is to be paid. Nobody labours like a labourer with his heart in his labour; but our CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER holds that there universally ought to be an abatement of payment in consideration of too much enthusiasm. We trust that Mr. GLADSTONE will never have to suffer from the nation at large departing from the principle that work ought to be paid for at its true value. If people are to be underpaid for their work because they are excessively eager to have it to do, it is unnecessary to say whose salary is in danger.

England does not suffer as much as might be expected from her meagre patronage of science and literature, but still she does suffer. The Church of England, in the first place (which till quite recently might be considered as including the Universities), is a considerable safeguard against the stagnation of intellect. Science and literary investigation have the advantage of much of the leisure afforded by ecclesiastical benefices. There are, however, obvious objections to confiding the guardianship of progressive knowledge to a profession so peculiarly circumstanced as the clerical; and they are growing objections. Clergymen may be fair-minded and liberal, but they are jealously watched by the most ignorant classes of laymen. A clergyman whose scientific or literary theories have not the exact orthodox ring is the chosen prey of a whole swarm of small religionists, who stick to him like so many mosquitoes. Then, again, the great accumulation and comparatively wide diffusion of wealth among us gives this country a much better chance than others of including among its richer classes men of high intellect united with great industry. But though we may be thankful for such fortunate accidents as a Rosse and a Grote, it is very unsafe to stake our intellectual reputation on the chance of finding rich men who will labour as nobody labours in general except the poor and the ambitious. At the very best, there is great danger that such men will differ in their tastes and self-imposed employments, so that great courses of discovery, after being pushed to a certain point, may stop suddenly for want of hands to carry them on. In fact, that which is wanted in England is a larger body of scientific and literary workers to keep the current of knowledge in regular and continuous advance. There are certain minds which suddenly raise the level of knowledge as volcanic action does the crust of the earth; but the elevation is on the whole carried on, like the rising of a coral reef, by a multitude of humble labourers. The first class is well represented in England—the last not in the same proportion. It is, indeed, wonderful that there should be so much voluntary industry in comparatively undistinguished spheres as is proved by the proceedings of the British Association. But its distribution is capricious, and its quantity far from equal to the necessities of English science. It is, however, in literature that the scanty supply of posts like those at the Museum produces its most serious consequences. We owe to this cause the unwholesome prominence given to those forms of literature which will pay. We have come to understand, by a man of letters, a writer of novels, a fabricator of farces, or, it may be, a joker of small jokes; and the result is that the public opinion of England, which is the very breath of its life, is becoming hopelessly adulterated with deleterious and enfeebling sentiment. The greater spirits, too, are chiefly influential through eccentricities which startle the crowd. Mr. CARLYLE, who teaches in reality a very simple philosophy, touts for readers in a garb of parti-coloured foreign idioms; and Mr. RUSKIN cannot advocate a small reform in art without making a public scramble of glittering sentences in which one intentional truth may perhaps be mingled up with twenty deliberate paradoxes.

#### CONCILIATION OR PREPARATION?

THE brief campaign waged with so much success by the unprepared forces of France was not a very encouraging spectacle to the lovers of peace; and the sudden treaty was more ominous still. As the War displayed the readiness of French arms, the Peace has proved the versatility of Imperial policy and Imperial faith. A still more striking exhibition of the same character may perhaps before long be presented to the world. The breakfast party of the two Emperors has converted into rebels the national soldiers who were summoned to raise the flag of Italy. The volunteers who crowded into the ranks of Sardinia from Rome and Naples, and every corner of the peninsula—the armies of Tuscany and the other Duchies—the patronized insurgents of Bologna and Ferrara, and even the brave corps of GARI-BALDI himself, are practically denounced as traitors by the Treaty of Villafranca. Who can say how soon, notwithstanding the alleged intentions of the French EMPEROR, the liberating army may be employed in destroying the national life which it has called into existence? Should this be the end of the invasion of Italy, it will but afford a new and scarcely needed proof of the facility with which the arms of a despot may be turned at a moment's notice against friend or foe. These things are full of warning, and to no nation do they speak more impressively than to the richest and worst defended country in Europe. But perils threatening from without need never trouble England long. Once conscious of the necessity of preparation, we have the means at our command of increasing our defensive strength with a rapidity which no foreign Power can rival; and if it were possible to trust those whose duty it is to place not only our shores, but our commerce, in absolute safety, we might hope soon to be independent of the smiles or the frowns of the despotic rulers of Europe. The real danger is from within, and every day develops its proportions. We cannot affect to disguise our alarm and distrust at the insidious skill with which Ministers are striving to sap the spirit of the country, and foster the belief that the brief efforts of the late Government have sufficed to restore England to a condition of reasonable security. Every speech, and every act, betrays the anxiety of Ministers to escape from the great duty which is cast upon them. The cant of peace which flows so naturally from the fierce lips of the member for Birmingham is echoed by Lord JOHN RUSSELL; and Lord LYNDHURST's practical demonstration that our defences are not adequate to prevent the possibility of aggression is met, not by a denial of the fact, nor even by an assurance that the utmost exertions are being made to remedy the acknowledged deficiency, but by hypocritical eulogy of the good faith of a BONAPARTE, and miserable hopes that the invectives of the Press and the Senate may not excite the suspicions of an ally who, as Lord JOHN RUSSELL reminds us, is "so near to us, and so powerful."

Not one member of the Cabinet has fairly grappled with the question which Lord LYNDHURST put. Are we to trust to the forbearance of France, or to the strength of our own right arm? If the policy of the Government is to suffer the safety of England to hang upon the breath of their favourite Emperor, there is, no doubt, reason in the outcry against the plain speaking of the Press. The emphasis with which the duty of flattery to one so near and so powerful is daily insisted on, is a tacit admission that those are right who say that we are not prepared to bear the brunt of his hostility. Ministers have neither ventured to assert that we are in a fitting condition of security, nor have they given any *bonâ fide* pledge that it shall be attained with the rapidity that the immense resources of the country render possible. Let the Emperor NAPOLEON be supposed to be all that his Compiègne guests profess to believe, and it would not be less be the wisdom of England and the duty of her rulers to place her above the possible caprice of the most righteous man on earth. There is one way, and only one way, to silence the expressions of distrust which it is the fashion to deprecate. Every independent nation must in its preparations for defence act upon the principle of distrusting all the world. Most of all is this a necessity for a free country in the midst of jealous and despotic States. Let this wholesome suspicion show itself in prudent and efficient precautions, and then the spoken misgivings will assume the mild and speculative form in which men are accustomed to express opinions which have no immediate relation to their own interests and duties. But so long as weak credulity is the tone affected by the Government, the reasonable suspicions



of the country will gather strength from the rebukes which are intended to allay them.

The whole charge against "the alarmists" was pointed by Lord PALMERSTON with a sarcasm which would have been very happy if it had not exposed the shallowness of his argument. "If we are so open to attack as is asserted, what folly can be greater than to irritate the Power from which we have so much to fear?" We think we can point out a folly much greater, a danger much more serious, than that of provoking any foreign State by unpalatable criticism. It is the folly of keeping silence while Ministers are sleeping, and fleets and armies are dwindling away—the folly of trusting implicitly to rulers who in their turn trust implicitly to faithful Allies. No one, so far as we know, has ever denied that there may be some danger in speaking boldly and severely of a neighbour whom you are scarcely prepared to encounter. But notwithstanding Lord JOHN RUSSELL's reading of history, the risk from this source is extremely small. Policy, ambition, greed, revenge for past humiliations, may determine the action of a great Power, but no sovereign—and least of all one so sagacious as the French EMPEROR is represented by his admirers to be—would suffer his deliberate schemes to be turned a hair's breadth by a brilliant speech in a foreign Senate or a cutting leader in a daily paper. If the danger were greater than it is, there is safety to be plucked from it. It is only because the deep distrust of the designs of the Emperor NAPOLEON has expressed itself as forcibly as it has done that we are now in a less helpless state than when Lord PALMERSTON was last in office. Grant all that is said about the possible exasperation of the sensitive liberator of Italy, and still the balance of advantage is in favour of speaking the truth. Against so much Imperial irritation on the one side of the account, we have to set a Channel fleet and an embryo army of volunteers on the other. The forbearance of a NAPOLEON is, no doubt, an excellent reed for England to lean upon, but an extra fleet of fifteen ships and a force of practised riflemen are very good substitutes for the friendship which flattery can buy.

A soft answer will turn away wrath, and so will ships and batteries; and of the two kinds of national defences we prefer the latter. It would be safest of all, perhaps, to have both—to speak confidence and act suspicion, to say smooth things and prepare for rough deeds. But this is a combination only possible under the happy form of Government which is established in Paris, St. Petersburg, and Vienna. Free countries cannot practise the convenient duplicity of absolute monarchs. Without some rugged words there can be no vigorous action. Have we not heard over and over again, that the navy sank into its late insignificance because the people were easy and confident, impatient of taxation, and insensible of danger? The excuse for past neglect is always the same—that, without public opinion to urge them on, it is out of the power of Ministers to provide the costly means of defence which the unprotected state of the country requires. In this as in the present cry against investiture, there is a certain amount of hypocrisy; but the truth which it does involve is one which can never safely be lost sight of, and that is, that no Ministers will propose an unpalatable amount of taxation for the sake of providing a larger measure of security than the country is disposed to demand. It is true that the voice which is intended to rouse a Minister from slumber may sound harshly in the ear of a faithful ally. But there are no alternatives besides speech and silence. In this, as in most human affairs, there is but a choice of dangers; and for our part we would rather take the chance of rousing the wolf than suffer the watch-dog to sleep undisturbed.

#### THE DEAN OF CARLISLE ON TOBACCO.

THE Secretary of the United Kingdom Alliance lately invited the Dean of Carlisle to join that association, and the Dean replied that he would be delighted, and only regretted the Alliance did not go in for putting down tobacco as well as strong drink. The exact expression in which he clothed his feelings was this:—"I only wish you carried on the war against the kindred monster evil, tobacco, at the same time. They are twin fiends, gorging their insatiable hatred on the human race with at least equally fearful results." This is strong language. Of course it is metaphorical, and it is in a poetical sense only that tobacco is called a fiend, and is said to gorge. But the metaphor will appear singularly inappropriate to any one who has been accustomed to the mild, or even the medium Cuba of real life. To call tobacco a "gorging fiend" is scarcely more apt than to call hair-oil a disgorging fiend. We are not surprised that Dean Close does not smoke, but we are surprised that any amount of

ignorance as to tobacco and its effects should have prompted him to throw out such big words so vaguely.

We will not, however, quarrel with particular expressions. It is much more important to examine whether tobacco is really an evil to the human race. We think that it is not; and that though it does some harm, its main effect is to furnish the greatest amount of innocent enjoyment which is derived from any one source of physical gratification. We do not wish to slur over its bad effects; but still we doubt whether, in the classes of society that can afford to purchase both, pastry does not do more harm than tobacco. The people in England who could afford to have apple-pie every day if that luxury were always in season, can also afford a cigar a day; and in this class there is, we should guess, more dyspepsia from pie-crust than from tobacco. This only proves that both, except in moderation, are bad. But then, who would venture to call pie-crust a "gorging fiend?" We must also allow that some persons find their appetite for tobacco grow on them, and they smoke until they are paralysed or rendered imbecile, so that the worst cases of tobacco are worse than the worst cases of pie-crust. But these are quite exceptional, and, as a rule, we believe that most persons diminish the quantity of tobacco they take when they find it unwholesome. This is not virtue, but is merely owing to the simple fact that the desire for tobacco gets weaker as age makes the digestion more tender. If two young men at college smoke equally, and then one goes into a sedentary profession, while the other lives in the country and takes constant exercise, the probability is that at the end of ten years the latter smokes much more than the former. The sedentary man does not care for the tobacco that would do him harm, and the sportsman can stand the tobacco which he likes. And if there is one thing more certain about tobacco than another, it is that, among the upper classes, it discourages drinking; and probably this is the case generally. The great smoking nations, where people smoke so much more constantly than in England, are eminently sober nations. The effect of good tobacco is certainly not to make the smoker wish to drink. It does not produce thirst, and it spoils the flavour of most liquors. The wish to smoke notoriously abridges the drinking of wine; and many a man takes his two or three glasses and his cigar, who, if he did not smoke, would finish his bottle. Of the effect of tobacco on the poor man we speak with some hesitation, for we do not consider that merely hurrying by poor men as they cluster round a public-house enables any one to pronounce on their habits. But we know of no facts which tend to show that tobacco does increase the consumption of alcoholic liquors. Certainly the coarse tobacco which the poor smoke would make the palate of a person unaccustomed to it very hot and dry; but the poor are accustomed to it, and that makes all the difference. How is any one to prove that coarse tobacco, on the whole, makes the poor drink more than they otherwise would? All inhabitants of cold climates are prone to indulge in alcohol if they can get it. Where the climate is in favour of ebriety, we know that tobacco does not cause inebriety. How are we to say that the drunkenness in a cold tobacco-smoking country is greater than it would have been if there were no tobacco smoked? Drinking produces a wish to drink—why should we say that smoking increases this wish? In the classes of which we can speak from experience, we know the exact opposite is the fact; and we also know that in every class tobacco has one effect which must have a tendency to diminish drinking. It fills up time. At any rate, while a man is puffing he cannot imbibe. Let us suppose that, at a contested election for a town councillor, there is open beer at a pothouse, and that two electors go in at nine and stay till they are turned out at eleven. As there is no stint, they will both drink as much as they please; but, if during the two hours one has been smoking and the other not, it is obvious that time at least is in favour of the non-smoker getting through most pots.

An omnibus-driver, in conversation with a passenger, was describing his mode of life, and said that he was unable to get home in the middle of the day, and did not like going to a public; so he carried in the boot a bottle of cold tea. The passenger asked if he liked it; and he replied that he liked it because it was something to look forward to. "Every one must have something to look forward to; and his fancy was to look forward to cold tea." This remark went deep into the philosophy of life. Every one must have something to look forward to; and the great service of tobacco is that it is more looked forward to by persons in monotonous occupations than anything else. The reason is partly on account of its effects on the nerves, and partly because of the time which smoking consumes. The charm of the smoker's cold tea is, that it takes him so long to get it down. A little reflection will show us why this is so attractive. We must not speak as if pothouse loungers were the only poor people who smoked. Let us take the case of a respectable agricultural labourer. After several hours work he gets, if very lucky, a dinner composed of a hunch of bread, a piece of Dutch cheese, a bit of bacon fat, and a mug of muddy beer. This would be all the cold tea to which he could have been looking forward for four hours of ploughing or turnip-hoeing, were it not that the simple repast is followed by twenty minutes of a delicious clay-pipe. He thus gets twenty-two minutes of physical enjoyment in the middle of the day instead

of the two minutes his dinner would take him; or perhaps, to state the point quite fairly, we may say, the three minutes, if we allow for his having to clean his clasp-knife on the seat of his trousers between his courses. Surely this protraction of pleasure is an enormous gain in the dull wearisome existence of the British clodhopper. And all persons who have gone through long, solitary, disheartening exertion in the open air know the soothing and sustaining power of tobacco. We wish the Dean of Carlisle would ask the next African traveller whom he may happen to meet whether he considers tobacco a "gorging fiend." Kane, the Arctic explorer, told an Englishman, very shortly before he died, that it was tobacco that had enabled him to keep up the spirits and the courage of his men under their dreadful sufferings. He was opposed to their having much alcohol, and he found that they would go willingly without stimulants, and preserve their equanimity and elasticity of spirits, if he did but supply them with a moderate quantity of tobacco.

The language used by Dean Close makes us feel how thick is the wall of separation that divides a large portion of the English clergy from the poor. That the poor man should want amusement is quite inconceivable to this kind of parson. With the very best motives, and acting on the highest principles, the clergyman is apt to view life in a very one-sided way. He comes to a parish and sets about turning a kind of religious engine. He is the engineer; the rich supply the oil and coal, and the poor are the raw material. The article he engages to turn out is an industrious, contented, saving, church-going man. With the process of manufacturing this article, beer and tobacco are utterly unconnected. It is nothing that the poor man likes them. His likes and dislikes are irrelevant. It is his business to be a great parson-product, and smoking interferes with his attaining this end. But the poor man very naturally does not entertain this view of himself. He, like the rest of the human race, is willing or unwilling, as the case may be, to do his duty. But he has no notion of excluding himself from innocent enjoyments. They are to his mind the daily counterbalance of daily hardship. Industry to him is not so much a virtue as a compulsory and habitual exercise of his muscular force. His beer and baccy are not so much a temptation as the thing he arrives at after muscular exercise. Unless moral reformers will take into consideration the deep-rooted desire of the human heart for something "to look forward to" during hard work, and the fact that, to the vast mass of men—educated and uneducated, good and bad, rich and poor—any enjoyment which is to be constantly welcome must, in some shape or degree, be a physical enjoyment, no scheme of moral reform can have any wide hold or any long duration. Not many years ago an Oxford tutor of some notoriety went down to manage a country parish. On entering on his parochial duties he announced that he was going to put down tobacco in the parish. An older and wiser man told him it was impossible, to which the enthusiastic tutor replied, that "impossible" was not a word in his dictionary. He little knew the agricultural poor. They did not find it necessary to erase the word "tobacco" from their dictionary, and the moral reformer had to retire and leave his parishioners to smoke like a house on fire. No amount of religious pig-headedness will enable a clergyman to triumph over the desire of his flock for a pleasure which they think innocent, and know to be constant, and of which they are aware he has no experience. So far from thinking tobacco an enemy to the parson, we believe it to be his friend; and if he acknowledged its claims a little more heartily he might profit even more than he does by the friendship. Tobacco is something to look forward to. It answers that important end in life. To a great extent tobacco may be made to supersede fermented liquors. An angel from heaven could not persuade an English labourer to give up the "something to look forward to," which cheers his weary hours. But a very human sort of reformer might succeed in persuading him to seek solace in his pipe and avoid drunkenness.

It is only fair to say that a large and, we believe, an increasing portion of the English clergy see this, and have no more wish to put down tobacco than to put down pie-crust. Very few well-educated clergymen, under forty, would deliberately state that they, like Dean Close, consider tobacco to be a gorging fiend. Indeed, many clergymen keep their parishioners in countenance in this matter; and, if we are not misinformed, there are disciples of that excellent and generous school who not only go fly-fishing and cricketing with their poor parishioners, but also smoke with them, and instil sound principles in the intervals of puffing a well-blackened clay. We neither commend these defiers of conventionalism nor blame them. All depends on the individuals. One parson can really impart spiritual knowledge and command respect with a pipe in his mouth; another who tried to imitate him might safely be written down an ass. Tobacco is of all things a matter of perfect indifference. It is of no use to smoke if you do not like it; it is of no use not to smoke if you do like it. Abstractedly speaking, it is perhaps better not to smoke, as, abstractedly speaking, it would be better to drink nothing but water. But we are not dealing with abstractions. In real life, water almost always tastes of pills, and is otherwise an unsatisfactory fluid; and in real life, people who work want something to look forward to. All we say for tobacco is that, taken in moderation, it supplies this something in a cheap, accessible, and harmless form.

## MR. SAMUEL WARREN ON SERVANT-GAL-ISM.

A GOOD deal has been said lately about the use and abuse of grand juries. Lord Overstone, it will be remembered, made some strong observations about the entire uselessness of this venerable institution, so far at least as the Old Bailey is concerned. One consideration, however, has been forgotten in estimating the grand jury. Its abolition would deprive us of the accustomed charge from the presiding judge. This would be a serious loss to the heavy morality of the country, for the charge to the grand jury has come to be considered (we do not stop to ask how the custom originated) the opportunity for solemn, if not always convenient, judicial prosing. Of all the sufferings to which those unfortunate persons to whom is committed the duty of the great preliminary investigation are liable, that of listening to the charge is the most serious. It is, we suppose, in virtue of some necessity of the article and occasion that all charges, whether ecclesiastical or judicial, are very dull indeed. But the dullness of these compositions seems to be in a proportion inverse to the dignity of the chargers. Dull as is a bishop's charge, duller still is an archdeacon's; and, its authority being less, it adds impertinence to irrelevance. And so, also, dense as is a judge's lay sermon at the assizes, denser still is the Recorder's twaddle at the sessions. We should be extremely sorry that this parallel between a bishop's and a judge's charge should be pursued further. A bishop always publishes his charge; but, considering that the thing only occurs once in three years, and that nobody buys it when published, clerical society avenges itself cheaply on its oppressors. But what if it comes to be the habit to publish the grand jury charges, and to publish them in the newspapers? This is a much heavier and more general offence. At present the learned Recorder of Hull stands alone in this practice of sending his charge to the newspapers—we say sending, because the whole thing bears such indisputable marks of being "communicated," that we relieve even a local reporter from the folly of taking a note of Mr. Samuel Warren's latest nonsense.

In the *Morning Post* of Tuesday may be read the lay sermon of this learned functionary—"The Recorder of Hull on the profligacy of 'Servant-Gal-ism.'" From the fact of "a case coming before you and me at these sessions," Mr. Warren takes up his parable to the grand jury; and, arguing from this solitary instance and "painful recollections of preceding sessions," he looks for a virtuous servant-gal, and from the Dan to the Beersheba of Hull he finds not the maid-servant who is not thief, and something worse. Mr. Warren's experiences of the kitchen and laundry are unhappy. "Speaking in a general way, it is almost impossible to get a modest and trustworthy female servant." Not only is this Mr. Samuel Warren's experience, but "he knows what is said by masters and mistresses in London;" and we can quite imagine the author of the *Lily and the Bee* taking tea, and mingling it with his tears, with the dowagers of Bloomsbury over "the greatest plagues of life." He says, or seems to say, "Drat those servants;" and he appeals to the grand jury, "as men of the world, as heads of families," whether this is not their experience, and whether they are not ready with him, the Recorder, to trace this flood of evil to the love of dress? "On Sundays," he says—with those happy graphic touches which betray the familiar pen which once delighted the world with Mr. Oily Gammon and Mr. Titmouse—"we see slipping out of areas kitchen and sculler-maids aping the absurdities of their superiors in station, with lace, or make-believe lace petticoats, crinoline, kid gloves, parasols, and preposterous head-dresses." "What," proceeds the reverend Recorder, "must be passing through their minds as they strut along thus dismally bedizened, inviting imputations on their character? Whence come the funds to supply this paltry finery? They easily fall a prey to the profligate, and disable themselves from resisting the opportunity of robbing their mistresses and masters?"

One sees from this specimen of judicial homiletics what truth and reason are at the bottom of the attorneys' suspicions of literary lawyers; and if literary advocates are liable to a dramatic rather than forensic mode of stating a case, how much more dangerous is this habit in novel-writing judges! A small novel or story for the benefit of servant girls, on the evils of dress, and a biography of Betty Broom, the unfortunate housemaid, would not be altogether out of place in the *Family Herald*, or in a Tract Society's catalogue; but the habit of hasty generalization from "a case coming before you and me at these sessions," is more than ridiculous in a judge. It is simply dangerous. A judge, even a borough recorder, has no right to libel a whole class from his scanty experience. Mr. Recorder Warren can know nothing of female servants, as a class, from those who are brought to his bar; and no individual, from his domestic experience, has a right to say that every smartly-dressed servant receives the wages of dishonour or robs her employers. Nor does it follow that the love of dress is the root of all female evil. We much doubt whether there is anything new in all this, either as to cause or effect. For this is Mr. Warren's argument:—Female immorality and dishonesty are largely on the increase. I look for the cause of all this. I find it in the love of dress. Servants would not be so fond of dress were they better educated. They are "monstrously over-educated for their station and



calling." We once "used to see that charming feature of an English domestic establishment—a worthy, hard-working female servant." If this is all, then, it is only a eulogy of ignorance. Those beautiful days in which all female servants were chaste and honest, were days in which not one woman in a thousand in the lower ranks could read and write. If this is what Mr. Warren means, he had better say so. But we deny every one of his supposed facts. We question whether any days ever existed in which all women, from duchesses down to dairymaids, did not do their best to be as smart as they could. Finery in "make-believe lace petticoats and preposterous head-dresses" is only the same female character which once rejoiced in Sunday kirtles and preposterous hoods. In high and low, there has always been the same tendency in the sex; and it is the cheapness of manufacture which now permits that variety in female dress which is just as expensive as, and not more expensive than, the one costly dress of our grandmothers. And in classes of society these things are only relative. Our grandmothers' maids and the spinsters of Penelope and Solomon deserved Mr. Warren's sermon just as much and just as little as his own parlour-maids. It is a sign of a narrow mind to make these sweeping assertions from scanty or single facts.

But more than this. We utterly deny that a love of dress, as such, implies a tendency to female unchastity and dishonesty. A saying of this sort goes much further than Mr. Warren is aware. Of course he only adopted it because, not having any other medium of inflicting his prose upon the public, he thought a Recorder's charge on servant-gal-ism would be, in the Adelphi language, a stunning novelty, and a safe investment in the moral and edifying line which he affects. The love of dress is a natural taste, and is therefore proper in women. It argues no lightness of character, no instability of mind, no necessary neglect of higher duties. It belongs to all women, of all countries and of all ages; and if to indulge it is the road to unchastity, then is every woman at heart a rake. These wholesale libels on half the human race are very silly, of course, and unphilosophical; but in a judge they are mischievous. We cannot conceive the possibility of anybody being influenced by Mr. Warren's Hull charge; but if it could have any effect, it would be that of setting class against class, and introducing continual suspicion and distrust into families. We much question whether female servants, as a class, are what Mr. Samuel Warren paints them. They are about as good and as bad as any other class, and being under certain safeguards, they are probably much better than factory hands, female agricultural labourers, and milliners' workwomen. At any rate, they do not spend more upon dress than others of their station, nor does their alleged love of finery lead them to vice more certainly than it does their sisters; or if it does, Mr. Warren cannot know this; or if he does know it, he does not prove it by "the painful case coming before you and me at these sessions." If he had been really desirous of doing something useful in the earnest line of business—though we much doubt the propriety of these heavy moralities from the bench—he might much more usefully have taken the "heads of families" in hand, the grand jurors themselves. He might have instructed them in the difficult task of ruling their own households, and, above all, in that branch of the domestic duties of *Paterfamilias* so much neglected—the attempt to do something in the way of the moral and social advancement of that very class whom Mr. Warren finds it to be both easier and safer to libel wholesale.

The Recorder of Hull does not stand alone. It is a growing vice in judicial persons to have some peculiar crotchet in the way of discovering the cause or the remedy of general immorality. Mr. Warren finds the vice of the age in the love of dress; another learned Recorder discovers it in the love of drink; another pious functionary discovers it in Sabbath-breaking; and a fourth finds the opening of Pandora's box in theatres. Very likely, to a certain extent, each is right; but each rides his little hobby. Each is compelled to think it his function and vocation to put down his own pet "sin of the age." Under such circumstances, it is neither in human nor even in judicial nature not to strain a case against an offender against his own particular morality. He is tempted to exaggerate its relative importance, and by way of putting down the great cause of crime, it fares hardly with the culprit. Who can doubt, after Mr. Warren's charge, how it would go with the first "servant-gal" caught tripping? No doubt the temptations to the worthy magistrate and to the learned judge to turn the bench into a pulpit are great; but, on the whole, they may as well confine themselves to the evidence and the law. Few offend so egregiously in this matter as Mr. Warren, because few have so much vanity. But we are heartily sick of these general conclusions drawn from incomplete moral statistics. Mr. Warren certainly deduces a thrilling argument for the increasing immorality of Hull, that "in seven years the young female profligates had increased five per cent." Not a very remarkable increase, if true, and if ascertainable. But how is it ascertained? By the increased number of charges and commitments brought before the magistrates—which perhaps only proves the increased activity of the police—while not a word is said of the increase of the population of Hull in these seven years of moral famine.

## ELECTIONEERING REVELATIONS.

THE Election Committees have commenced their interesting investigations. On a hot summer's day, with windows closed for protection against the odours of the reeking Thames, five unhappy members of the House of Commons are condemned to listen to the evidence which establishes that candidates or their agents were as reckless, and voters as corrupt, at the late elections as they have always been before. There is nothing new in the details, and nothing new is likely to be offered in the comments which the Ballot Society may be expected to make upon them. We say there is nothing absolutely new in these revelations, but still they possess one feature which has not, we think, heretofore attained the same degree of prominence. The Liberal candidate for the borough of Wakefield and his agents appear to have been made, to an unusual extent, the victims of what is vulgarly called a "sell." It was proved to the satisfaction of the Committee that several voters received money as an inducement to give their votes for Mr. Leatham, and, in more than one instance, the votes were given for Mr. Charlesworth. Mr. Beaumont, a tailor, stated that in January he received an advance of 10*l.*, for which he signed a promissory note, and "understood what it meant." But January is a long time ago, and two or three days before the election, principle found means to reassert its force, and the repentant tailor voted with the Conservatives. He told the Committee that "he had been a Conservative from the beginning;" and as he swore that his political convictions were not reinforced by any corrupt stimulus, we must suppose that his allegiance to the Conservative party was preserved by reading in a penny local paper a report of Mr. Disraeli's speech. It is unnecessary to add that his standard of political morality was not so high as to interfere with his retaining the 10*l.* He has "done" the Liberal agent very neatly—has voted according to his convictions—and he knows Joseph Breer, but will swear that he received no money from him. Joseph Breer is a personage of whom it is possible that more might have been heard if, by the fortune of war, the Liberals instead of the Conservatives had come before the Committee as petitioners. Mr. Beaumont has sold his vote, and he has voted according to his conscience, and what more the Ballot Society could enable him to do we are wholly at a loss to understand.

But in another instance the Liberal agents were even more completely taken in. Mr. Jackson was a staunch Conservative, but his wife hoped he might be brought to hear reason; and, as one of the agents said, "Women can do anything." Mrs. Jackson named 50*l.* as the price of her powerful advocacy of Liberal principles, but was induced to accept 30*l.* She tried many times to persuade her husband to vote for Mr. Leatham, but he persisted in voting for Mr. Charlesworth; and the Liberals learned too late that great political principles are not to be undermined even by female art. Here, again, the money was not returned. The "sugar," as it is technically called at Wakefield, melted some time since in the hand of Mrs. Jackson, but it is to be hoped that the satisfaction of her husband at having given an honest vote has proved more enduring. In this case it was the wife who sold the vote, while the husband exercised the franchise according to his genuine conviction; and if the Ballot became law to-morrow, how could the constitutional privileges of this worthy couple be enlarged by it? One effect of the alteration might perhaps be, that the large influence already possessed by women at elections would become larger. If Wakefield furnishes an average example, they seem to have a great deal to do with all the private proceedings of these contests; and if the whole became, as far as possible, private, it seems reasonable to conclude that women would, to a very greatly increased extent, dispose of their husbands' votes. We trust that the Ballot Society will treat this aspect of the question in an early pamphlet. Assuming that secret voting would be a shelter from the landlord and the customer, who shall guarantee the voter against the occult tyranny of his wife, and those whom the wife might choose to take for the guides of her political faith?

Turning now to another part of England, let us see how things are managed at Ashburton. Here, also, the ladies have a good deal of influence; but, perhaps, at the last election the sheriff's officer played the most important part. A voter named Widger had been made drunk and induced to change his side, and so, at half-past three o'clock, each candidate had polled exactly ninety votes. The entire constituency amounted only to 193, so that all but thirteen had polled, and of these thirteen all but one were absentees or declared neutrals. On one vote, therefore, the event of the day depended, and the voter who possessed the power of deciding it was at that moment liable to arrest for a debt of 13*s.* The writ against him had been issued by an attorney who was agent for, or at least a warm friend to, the Liberal candidate. This is a good example of the various powers which attorneys manage to gather into their own hands for the purpose of influencing elections. It was now only a quarter to four o'clock. The unpolled voter was in his hiding-place. Sheriff's officers watched for him around the hustings, and if he attempted to vote upon his principles for the Conservative, he would never reach the polling-booth at all, but would receive on his way thither an irresistible invitation to the jail at Exeter. In this extremity a Conservative attorney was driven to give a cheque for the amount due. The voter proceeded without interruption to the poll, and the Conservatives carried the election.

by a single vote. There was also a pleasant story told before the same Committee by a voter named Joseph Mugford, who had always supported the Liberal side. "Joe," said a partisan of the Conservatives to him, "you won't be angry with me if I get your son a situation." The witness understood what that meant, and as we learn that Mr. Astell, the Conservative candidate, is a director of the Great Northern Railway, we are able to understand it also. But it was feared that the consistency of Mr. Mugford would be proof against this inducement. "Joe," said Mr. Astell's friend, "you have always been a stickler for the other side;" and he answered, "Why, them's my principles;" to which the reply was, "Oh, as to principle, principle is nothing now-a-days." The Committee might learn from this evidence that a truth generally recognised at Westminster has also been perceived in remote Devon. But it seems that, after all, principle prevailed with "Joe." It was in vain that the wife of one of the chief men in Ashburton came in the most affable manner to "Joe's" public-house, drank with him and his wife a glass of his own grog, and put down several shillings without caring about the change; and it was in vain that Mr. Astell's friends called "Joe's" son "a second Bidder," and assured him that the boy was, in fact, appointed to a situation on the Great Northern Railway. "Joe" voted for Mr. Moffatt. The numbers polled on either side were equal, and 135*l.* had to be paid for the casting vote.

If we may trust some statements, the position of a non-elect is not without advantages. At Wakefield, by the admission of the agent, 500*l.* was disbursed beyond the accounts submitted to the auditor; but then it is stoutly asserted that every penny of it went to the non-electors—"There was a large non-electors' committee." Many publicans were directed to supply refreshments gratis—but of course only to non-electors. Certainly there is something to be said against the extension of the suffrage. If a man already enjoys a share of the money and of the drink, and has unlimited opportunities of exercising moral and other suasion upon voters, he may perhaps be tolerably content without the barren privilege of a vote. If he be an elector, he must either scrupulously refrain from all participation in the good things, or he runs the risk of having to answer a number of disagreeable questions, and of seeing his name receive an undeniable prominence in some Report of a Committee of the House of Commons.

It needed not these inquiries to prove that bribery is not extinct, and that the reproach of it must be shared equally by the two contending parties at the late elections. But it may excite some surprise to find that the old contrivances are still supposed to possess some efficacy to elude the law. At Dartmouth, the wife of one of the candidates occupied a room for a single day, and 20*l.* was paid for it. At Huddersfield, two votes were obtained by purchasing some pigs for 10*l.* beyond their value; and a third vote was gained partly by the same transaction, and partly by a threat held out of loss of custom. The notion that giving money to the wife is not the same as giving it to the husband appears to prevail widely. And besides the cases where this is done as a fancied evasion of the guilt of bribery, we find that the lower class of agents generally address themselves to the voters' wives, or are referred to them by the voters as managing the domestic finance, and, indeed, all business which is supposed to need superior sagacity. A witness before one of the Committees stated that an attempt had been made to influence his vote by an offer of a loan of 100*l.* Secrecy was enjoined by the agent; but the voter "naturally mentioned the matter to his wife," and so it came before the Committee. We recommend this and kindred facts to the serious attention of all who believe, or pretend that it is possible to believe, in the efficacy of the Ballot to check the corruption which is proved to have been so largely prevalent at the late elections.

#### THE ARK OF UNITY.

IF humour consists in saying and doing the most intensely characteristic things under all sorts of uncongenial circumstances, there can be no doubt that the two most humorous men of the age are Pope Pius the Ninth and his Minister Antonelli. Both of them have recently given Europe an opportunity of learning their sentiments as to the existing condition of affairs. The Holy Father pours out his sorrows in a letter to the Vicar-General—the Cardinal addresses a circular to his master's representatives at foreign Courts. Each has fulfilled his task to perfection. The Holy See was never more itself. For sublime unimpressibility, for profound indifference to the real tendency of events, for complete and absolute misappreciation of the matters with which they deal, both documents are perfectly admirable. There is a calmness about them which is highly appropriate to the high quarter from which they emanate. The Court of Rome always is calm. It is not the first time that things have looked threatening. Often, ere now, the sky has been black, the waves have run high, pilots have shouted "breakers ahead!" and the world has agreed that the vessel must founder. But the wise old gentlemen at the Vatican have known better; and now, *passi graviori*, they can smile at the apparently impending ruin, and feel pretty confident that somehow or other the brave old ship will live through the worst, and to-morrow be sailing in summer seas as sound as ever. The fact is, they know very well that some one will come to the rescue. Some good benevolent Government is certain, at the last moment,

to feel the pangs of awakened conscience, and to find it expedient to conciliate its army of "black dragons" by a demonstration in favour of the Head of the Church. By degrees the Holy See has become familiarized with the process of being rescued from destruction, and now thinks nothing of it. There is something quite feminine about the manner in which it parades its infirmities, and looks to Christendom to be got out of its scrapes, and be generally defended and taken care of. Like Pope's invalid lady, who could

On the rich quilt sink with becoming woe,  
Wrapt in a gown for sickness or for show—

it is aware how much may be effected by a little interesting weakness, and never feels surer of a hearty ally than when its fortunes seem to be at the lowest ebb. Gentle but unyielding, unfit itself for the exertions of the conflict, but confidently relying on the assistance of a generous public, the Roman Court reminds one of some venerable unprotected female, who, confident in the privileges of her sex, and the claims of her position, plunges into a crowd, calls general notice to her hysterical tendencies, and trusts to some one or other being good-natured enough to befriend her. Accordingly, fortified with the comforting assurances of experience, the Pope is not in the least troubled at the present crisis. Amidst surrounding tumult he remains tranquil and composed. The destinies of Europe may be trembling in the scale; enterprising commanders who "understood their epoch" may be hurrying their legions hither and thither, raising up and pulling down, remodelling the map of Europe, and in disdainful magnificence handing over conquered provinces to their fortunate associates; populations may be squabbling about their future rulers; Garibaldi's troop may be gathering like a black cloud on the frontier; there may be wars and rumours of wars, and men's hearts failing them for fear; but the Holy Father has no misgivings. Nothing can break the spell that charms the Vatican to rest. A distant murmur from the outer world is all that reaches the ears of the happy lotus-eaters who there inhabit. If it tell them of disobedient subjects or unceremonious allies, it is grief and not fear that agitates the breasts of the Sacred Conclave. It is horror at the depravity of mankind, not alarm at his own position, that rouses the Supreme Pontiff to energy. He weeps over his enemies, he prays heaven to forgive them, he confides his wrong to all the faithful—it is for Europe to see that he is righted.

The two documents form a curious commentary on the French Emperor's account of the results of the war. "The idea of Italian nationality," he told the legislative body, "is acknowledged by its warmest opponents. All the Sovereigns of the Italian peninsula understand at last the imperious necessity of salutary reforms." It was satisfactory to learn that so much had been gained to the cause of civilization. The price had been a heavy one, but still it had been paid, and perhaps not altogether in vain. Nothing, it has been said, short of a surgical operation, will get a joke into a Scotchman's head; and the war might be viewed as a kind of surgical operation on an enlarged scale, for the purpose of forcing liberal sentiments into an Italian ruler. But if the Pope is to be counted among the Princes thus happily convinced, the language of his letter certainly does very scanty justice to his conversion. So far from having views about the altered requirements of the age, he writes like a man who is wedded to the past, hopelessly entrenched in the prejudices of his order, profoundly convinced of the perfection of the existing condition of things, and of the danger and sinfulness of all attempts at innovation. The faithful are desired not to occupy themselves exclusively with thankfulness for the cessation of hostilities. They must "continue their prayer in order that God may deign, in his infinite mercy, to re-establish rectitude of mind and heart in all those who have been led away from the path of truth; and to obtain that they should weep, not over the imaginary and false massacres of Perugia, but over their own sins and their own blindness. That same blindness it is which has produced so many other evils that afflict and torture the heart. But prayer is more powerful than hell." And so the Holy Father continues his intercessions, and still hopes against hope for the illumination of these benighted wretches. Forbearance, however, has its limits. With the Marquis d'Azeglio the Pope finds it difficult to be patient. It appears that he had the walls of Bologna placarded with an inscription to the effect that "God made man free in his opinions, both religious and political." So startling an announcement naturally kindles the Pontiff's indignation. Nothing less than forgetfulness of the immortality of the soul could explain such extreme hardihood of language. "God is one," he continues, mournful but uncompromising; "faith is one, and whosoever quits the ark of unity shall be submerged in the deluge of eternal punishment." Happy ark! that sails through the perils of this troublesome world with a Pío Nono at its helm, and Antonelli, we suppose, sitting dove-like in its window with olive-branch ready picked, prepared to welcome all who seek a refuge there from the tempest that rages without.

The circular of the Cardinal is equally expressive. His indignation is especially directed against Sardinia. Something was to be hoped from its promising alliance with France; but no, it is incorrigible. The mission of the Marquis d'Azeglio, "under the specious pretext of preventing the national movement from leading to any disorder," displayed but too clearly the sinister intentions of that unhappy Power. If people rebel, they should be left to the miseries which naturally and lawfully attend on such conduct. A few weeks of anarchy, varied



with intervals of Swiss mercenaries, might have brought the Bolognese to their senses, and opened their eyes to the privileges which they were so rashly discarding; and this wholesome little piece of discipline is rendered impossible by that provoking, meddlesome Sardinia. The Court of Rome may well call upon Europe to support it, and "not to permit the success of so manifest a violation of the law of nations and the rights of the Holy Father." What are the views of the Holy Father as to the law of nations, it would be perhaps rash to conjecture; but it is evident that the effete and incapable Government of the Vatican has once more placed its neighbour in a very embarrassing position, from which some further change in the posture of affairs can alone release her. Meanwhile the dealings of the French Emperor with Italy, however generally unsatisfactory, have had at any rate the effect of inducing the moderate and thinking portion of the Italian people to express themselves unmistakably as to the Governments under which they have the misfortune to live. It is certain that the opinion thus expressed has made itself heard in Europe, and must exercise great weight in any future settlement of the peninsula. It cannot much longer be worth while for any foreign Government to affront the general good sense and feeling of Europe by lending its aid in support of abuses which are daily crying louder for reform, and over which not even a Papal manifesto will much longer be able to throw a cloak of decency.

#### THE NEW FOREIGN OFFICE.

AT last it might seem to any ordinary bystander that the question of rebuilding the Foreign and Indian Offices had reached its legitimate and desirable conclusion. Many months have elapsed since the work was placed in the hands of an architect, antecedently of European reputation, who had earned this particular distinction by achieving the greatest sum total of excellence in those complicated competitions which had marked Sir Benjamin Hall's administration of the Public Works. The style which he adopted possessed the permanent merit of reproducing the old architecture of our nation and climate, while at the present moment it happily enjoys great popularity with all thinking men, together with the local advantage of being in keeping with all the most important buildings of the quarter of London where the new offices were to be placed. The designs submitted in competition for the Foreign Office had been subjected to an unsparring scrutiny at the hands of officials whose fault was certainly not that of neglecting the convenience of their own department; while in the Indian Office, which, from circumstances, had to be brought into juxtaposition with the other, the services of the official architect of the department—himself no mean authority—were secured in conjunction with those of the architect of the Foreign Office, on whom devolved the sole responsibility of the external elevations, in order to secure the combination of external congruity and internal convenience.

Converted for the nonce into a Fine Arts Exhibition, the reading-room at the House of Commons has been hung round with plans, elevations, sections, and perspectives of Mr. Scott's Foreign Office, while the centre of the floor is occupied with a model on a convenient scale of the two offices, indicating their respective bearings on each other, and their position towards other buildings. If a single one of the objections which critics have been in the habit of throwing out at haphazard were still in need of a refutation, the contradiction is now so palpable—so visibly, we might say ostentatiously, produced in black and white—as almost to preclude argument. Was Gothic objected to because of its supposed irregularities and the inconvenience of the arrangements which it prescribed? A pile of building is shown compact and regular in its plan, with all the apartments lofty, and opening into each other, and corridors light and spacious. If the assumed narrowness of the windows were still in question, one might point in triumph to the number and the breadth (exceeding that of any other modern building) of the windows which are so bountifully given. The members who drop in to recreate their brains sent spinning by long wrangles over Estimates, or to teach their noses for a moment to forget the stream that festers close by, are, we believe, as a body, struck by the beauty and the convenience, and the needs of a great nation considered—the cheapness of the proposed building. They are satisfied that the Foreign Office will not be the feather that will break John Bull's back, and they are equally satisfied that the Indian Council will not have to shut up shop from having to enter upon the construction of the adjacent Office.

And yet knowing people say that Mr. Scott's design is far from being safe. Honour requires its completion—taste demands it. The general public is anxious to see it carried out, and the Commons do not object. Where, then, is the obstacle? It is not, we imagine, to be found in the new Commissioner of Works. Mr. Fitzroy has the advantage of approaching the subject unshackled by any foregone conclusion. He has never, we believe, committed himself to Goth or Greek. His position as Chairman of Ways and Means prevented him from ever rushing into fine-art talk on supply nights. He had nothing to do either with the competition or with the subsequent Committee. There is, in short, no conceivable obstacle to prevent his acting justly and impartially in a matter which merely requires the exercise of fairness, good sense, and administrative courage—qualities for which Mr. Fitzroy has earned, and has to maintain, an antecedent reputation.

But Mr. Fitzroy is not supreme. Above him sits the Chancellor of the Exchequer; and Mr. Gladstone, we all know—compelled as he is, *bon gré malgré*, to meet increased expenditure with a deficient revenue, and committed as he is to a policy antagonistic to borrowing money—is not likely to favour any reckless scheme of Napoleonic public improvement. But the construction of the Foreign Office is a matter of mere prosaic necessity, and at the worst we cannot conceive that Mr. Gladstone would interpose any bar but that of delay; and against delay there is this formidable argument, that the walls and the roof of the actual edifice have given a disagreeable peremptory intimation of the necessity of prompt action. If the Chancellor of the Exchequer is willing to incur the risk of letting the existing building come down with a run some morning, and entomb Mr. Hammond and some threescore clerks—if not Lord John Russell himself, in the act of incubating the next despatch which is to wither Europe with its fine sarcasm—we shall not be responsible for the experiment, and the ground will at least have been cleared, in more senses than one, towards the new building.

The difficulty, we imagine, is to be found in another quarter. It was an unlucky afternoon when, bold in his total ignorance of the subject-matter and eager to get a rise out of the then Government, Lord Palmerston rushed forward to make his art-confession to a puzzled and weary House of Commons. To that one little shred of useless consistency the Premier, it is feared, may be induced to adhere, in face of all the multiplied motives which exist to prompt him, now that the glory of the result would be his own, to take the contrary course. Argument would appear useless in contravention of so obstinate a freak of judgment. If we view the matter merely as a question of popularity, any man who is but moderately acquainted with the steady current of general educated feeling will have no hesitation in denouncing or in regretting so one-sided and antedated a determination. We can but protest, while we tremble at the risk that the great opportunity which seemed to have presented itself of the reform of our public architecture may, at the very moment of proximate accomplishment, be frustrated by the narrow prejudice of one man, who has mistaken the half-forgotten dicta of bygone academic pedantry for the laws of taste and the assurance of personal popularity.

#### DINORAH, OR LE PELERINAGE DE PLOERMEL.

IT will probably be known to most of our readers that the title under which it has been thought expedient to bring out M. Meyerbeer's new opera in England is not precisely the same as that which, after many changes, was finally fixed upon for its first production at the Opéra Comique at the beginning of April last. Why it should have been thought advisable to change the characteristic name, *Le Pardon de Ploërmel*, for *Le Pèlerinage de Ploërmel*, we cannot conjecture. As the title indicates, the scene of the action is laid in Brittany; and it is to M. Emile Souvestre, who made the obscure history and traditions of that interesting country his especial study, that the joint authors of the *libretto*, MM. Barbier and Carré, are indebted mainly for the incidents which constitute the simple, not to say somewhat meagre, drama which they furnished to M. Meyerbeer as a groundwork for what must be considered one of his most successful creations. We must beg entirely to dissent from a French criticism which we remember to have seen, which professes to discover in *Le Pardon de Ploërmel* a style different from that which—after having in his earlier works run through most of the known schools of operatic composition—M. Meyerbeer has so successfully adopted in his latest and unquestionably most original and effective works, *Robert le Diable*, the *Huguenots*, the *Prophet*, and *L'Etoile du Nord*. So like, indeed, in character to these is it throughout, that it would be impossible for any one at all familiar with the composer's peculiarities, as exhibited in his later operas, not at once to recognise almost any portion that could be selected as the production of M. Meyerbeer. The same characteristic excellences and the same characteristic faults as before are to be met at every page. There is the same charm of complicated rhythm, the same grace and sparkle, the same apparent restlessness and impatience of continuous simple melody which lend so patchy a character to M. Meyerbeer's scores, and which render his music in general so unsuitable, except for performance in its original integrity, upon the stage. The only real point of difference is in the choice of subject. Abandoning the department of Grand Opera, with which his genius has latterly been supposed to be inseparably associated, he has devoted himself to the illustration of a simple pastoral theme, the plot of which, so far as it can be called a plot—is confined to three characters—a village girl who has lost her reason, her lover, and a half-witted, itinerant bagpiper.

In order to explain what is meant by the term "*Pardon*," we cannot do better than make the following short quotation from a readable little book, Mr. Weld's *Vacation in Brittany*, where a very good description is given of one of these characteristic spectacles—

Every church in Lower Brittany is supposed to be under the protection of a patron saint, who, unlike the dormant saints of churches generally, continues to work miracles in favour of the faithful, and has the power of procuring pardon for sinners. . . . On one day at least in each year the saint's relics are displayed with great solemnity; and it is on these occasions that, after passing through a certain ordeal of Church discipline, penitents are shriven, or, in other words, receive pardon and remission of their sins. . . . Great Pardons generally last three days.

It is shortly before the celebration of one of these pilgrimages to the shrine of the Virgin at Ploërmel that the action of the opera commences. Twelve months previously, on the eve of the preceding Pardon, the cottage of Dinorah, a young peasant girl, who, on the following day was to have been married to Höel, was destroyed by lightning, and immediately afterwards her lover mysteriously disappeared. The effect of these two calamities upon her mind was such that she lost her reason, and had since wandered about the country, accompanied by her goat, an object of pity and superstitious reverence to the simple-minded inhabitants of her village. Höel's desertion of the lady cannot, we are afraid, be explained very much to his credit. He has, in fact, met with an old sorcerer, a kind of Breton Dousterswivel, who has tempted him to join him in quest of an enormous treasure magically concealed in the Val Maudit. For its discovery it is necessary that he should pass a whole year in absolute solitude, after which probation, and the utterance of a certain charmed formula, the treasure would be indicated to him by a goat. As might be expected, Höel is only intended to be used as a catspaw, death being the penalty of the man who first touches the concealed treasure. A few days before the expiration of the appointed time, the sorcerer dies; and Höel, having been informed by him on his deathbed of the dangerous conditions upon which alone the prize can be secured, turns principal villain on his own account, and casts about for some one to make his victim.

It is at this point that the action of the opera commences. The curtain rises upon an exquisitely graceful chorus of peasants and goatherds, which is diversified by a very piquant duet, with choral accompaniment, for two sopranos, in which the rhythm is marked by the chorus clapping their hands, and the pizzicato of the violins introduced most effectively in the accompaniment. Evening approaches, and the peasants quit the stage chanting their adieu to the declining day. Presently the goat is seen to cross the rocks, and is followed by Dinorah, who is wandering in search of it. Wearied by her long search, she seats herself upon a rock, and in a wild recitative of great originality entreates her dumb companion to return. This introduces the *Berceuse*, a cradle song, in which she imagines that she is rocking her favourite to sleep. By a skilful employment of the violins and violoncellos muted, which as it were sway in alternation, the composer has succeeded in suggesting the oscillating motion of the cradle with great success. Dinorah departs, imposing silence upon the birds, whose twittering is imitated by the violins in the accompaniment, that they may not wake her darling, and is succeeded by Corentin, the half-witted, village bagpiper, who is impressed with a most wholesome dread of the various fairies, elves, and sprites with which the superstition of the villagers has peopled the neighbourhood. This is the victim whom Höel has marked out for his purpose. The couplets in B minor which Corentin sings, "*Dava il cielo a ciascuno*," are charming; and we must specially call attention to the original and *piquant* way in which the close of the final phrase is suspended by the introduction of a major cadence. The effect is particularly happy. Dinorah reappearing, the half-witted fellow mistakes her for the guardian spirit of the locality, which gives occasion to a very elaborate duet of several movements, in which enormous vocal difficulties have to be overcome by the lady singer. Dinorah dances, and makes Corentin dance, to the bagpipe until both are exhausted and fall asleep. The whole of this duet is extremely effective, and in the highest degree characteristic of its composer's peculiarities. Höel makes his *entrée* with a "*grand air*," "*Magia, magia possente*," with a very florid and complicated accompaniment, in which he apostrophises the power of magic, and gives himself up to the anticipation of the riches with which he will be able, when his plans have succeeded, to return to make his betrothed happy. This is followed by a highly dramatic duet between Höel and Corentin, accompanied at the commencement principally by the double basses and trombones, in which Höel tempts the bagpiper to assist him in his quest of the treasure, and explains to him the formula which is to put to flight the goblins who have it in charge. The succeeding duet, "*Un tesor*," is one of the most successful pieces in the opera, and is delightful from its original and quaint rhythm. The last movement of it strikes us, however, as being rather commonplace. The first act concludes with the charming "*bell trio*," the goat's bell being effectively introduced in the accompaniment. Dinorah rejoices that she has found her companion, and Höel urges the terrified Corentin to accompany him to the Val Maudit, whither, upon the fall of the curtain, they are supposed to set off. This trio, after once hearing, strikes us as being perhaps the most melodious and effective piece of part writing in the opera, and is equal to anything of M. Meyerbeer's of similar character which we recollect.

After a pretty but rather weak interlude, the second act opens with a quaint, unaccompanied chorus in praise of wine, in which the composer has endeavoured to introduce a novel effect by making the male peasants sing with closed mouths entirely through the nose. After this M. Meyerbeer has introduced a solo with chorus, for a young goatherd, specially for the Covent Garden stage, as a compliment, we presume, to Madame Didiée, who has undertaken this small part. The difference between this piece, written specially for an Italian singer, and the rest of the music, originally composed for the French stage, cannot but be remarked. The style is essentially Italian, and it might, from its character

of simplicity and flow of melody, be almost mistaken for an air from some one or other of the better modern Italian operas. The same remark will apply almost uniformly to the rest of the music which M. Meyerbeer has added for the Covent Garden representations. The peasants withdraw, and Dinorah runs on to the scene, calling upon Höel, for whose desertion she is grieving. Suddenly a moonbeam throws her shadow at her feet, which in her fantasy she welcomes as a companion, apostrophising and dancing, as she thinks, with it. This is the occasion of the celebrated "*shadow song*," which has already been performed by Madame Lemmens-Sherrington several times in London. It is throughout a display of the most elaborate and daring vocalization, but, as a composition, pleases us less than almost any other portion of the opera. The waltz-like melody, which is its most prominent feature, must be pronounced rather trivial and commonplace, in spite of the florid garniture with which both the voice part and the accompaniment are invested.

We are next transported to the entrance of the Accursed Valley, which is approached by a bridge formed of a single tree thrown across a ravine through which a torrent flows. Höel and Corentin appear, the former urging his terrified companion to advance towards the fatal path which leads to the treasure. While Höel departs to explore the locality, Corentin sings the song, "*Ah che terror, ah che terror*," in which the grotesque terrors of the poor, half-witted fool are very successfully expressed. Dinorah appearing, recites the legend connected with the treasure, and which explains the penalty attaching to the first person who touches the fatal stone under which it is concealed. This Corentin "*remembers to have heard in his youth*," and his dull brain is suddenly possessed with an appreciation of Höel's meditated villany, so that when the latter returns, he finds Corentin transformed from the easy dupe into an obstinate sneering fellow, who naturally enough refuses to accommodate his baffled companion at so great a sacrifice. The whole of this duet, commencing "*Quando l'ora suonerà*," is admirable and full of the highest dramatic power. What, then, is to be done? Höel must apparently abandon all hopes of his long-coveted treasure, when suddenly a solution of the difficulty presents itself. Dinorah is seen upon the rocks gathering wild flowers, whereupon Corentin coolly proposes that she should be made the victim. Höel, to whom we must allow the small credit of not as yet having recognised his betrothed, consents to this arrangement, upon which Corentin proceeds to tempt Dinorah to cross the bridge in search of the treasure. A violent storm arises, and suddenly the goat is seen leaping from rock to rock across the torrent. Dinorah rushes forward over the bridge to follow it. Höel has recognised his mistress, but too late, when just as Dinorah reaches the middle of the uprooted tree a thunderbolt falls, the bridge gives way, and she is precipitated into the torrent below. Upon this, the only dramatic incident in the whole piece, the curtain falls.

To give any adequate idea of this long and exciting trio is quite impossible. It is intensely difficult to execute, being replete with sudden transitions, both in time and harmony, and the composer seems to have exhausted upon it all his powers of dramatic portraiture and ingenious combination of musical phrasing. The storm is one of the most successful musical descriptions we know of an oft attempted theme, differing completely in character from any of the best known examples of the treatment of a similar subject.

About the first half of the last act does not conduct the action of the opera a step further, being purely episode. A huntsman sings a hunting-song, accompanied only by five horns; a reaper a reaping-song, in which the prominent feature is an imitation of the sharpening of his scythe; two goatherds have a duet—a *villanelle*, as it is termed; and then all four join in a *Pater Noster*. The hunting-song is not very effective, but that of the mower is a characteristic attempt at musical imitation. We much prefer, however, the two last-mentioned pieces to either, the accompaniment of the introductory part, in D minor, of the quartet being extremely pretty. Corentin enters, and immediately afterwards Höel, bearing in his arms the fainting Dinorah, whom he has rescued. While she remains in her swoon, he sings a graceful romance, which cannot, however, fail to strike every one as bearing an extraordinary similarity to the well-known farewell song of Catherine, at the end of the second act of *L'Etoile du Nord*. This brings us to the final duet, in which Dinorah, under the influence of the associations which the presence of her betrothed recalls, begins to have glimmerings of returning reason. Reverting to the day of their intended marriage twelve months previously, she attempts, without success, to recollect the hymn which the train of pilgrims sing proceeding to the Pardon, when, in the distance, the peasants are heard chanting it. Dinorah listens in an ecstasy, executing some effective passages which are, as it were, embroidered upon the hymn as a groundwork. Presently the procession of pilgrims arrives, and Dinorah, recovering her reason, recognises her companions, who, dressing her in a bridal wreath, persuade her that the events of the last twelve months have been only a dark dream, and that now is the day actually fixed for her marriage with Höel. Höel is therefore made happier than he deserves to be, and the curtain falls while the Hymn to the Virgin is being chanted by all the personages of the drama.

Last, though not least, we must not omit to mention the overture, which is a long symphonic introduction, giving a *résumé* of the more striking features of the opera. The effective passage

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for the muted violins, which heralds the entrance of Dinorah, is introduced at the commencement, and is followed by a subject of which the goat's bell forms a prominent feature, working up to a bold fortissimo phrase. Next come some chords piano for the brass instruments, and then, behind the curtain, is heard the chorus chanting the hymn of the Pardon, without orchestral accompaniment. The band plays the religious march, which we have at the end of the opera, followed again by the chanted hymn. To this the storm succeeds, during which, from time to time, as it lulls, the hymn is heard, the subject of the march being also skilfully introduced in a variety of forms, and for different instruments; after which the overture winds up most brilliantly.

Our remarks upon the opera itself having already reached such a length, we must necessarily confine within moderate limits what we have to say upon its production at Covent Garden, on Tuesday evening last. It is an extraordinary proof of the great resources of the Covent Garden establishment, that the execution of a work so complicated and so difficult as this opera undoubtedly is, should on the first night of its performance have left little or nothing to be desired. The band throughout played admirably, and gave the overture in such magnificent style that, in spite of its length, an encore was insisted upon. In the scenery Mr. W. Beverley seems to have outdone himself, especially in the two landscapes of the first and second acts, which, as the drop curtain rose upon them, were greeted with loud applause by the audience. We have never seen a more thoroughly artistic piece of stage illusion than the moonlight scene of the entrance to the Val Maudit, with the moon emerging at intervals from floating clouds, while the breaking of the bridge and bursting of the sluices at the close of the act were managed with an extraordinary suggestion of reality. We missed, however, the celebrated cannon-ball thunder, about which so much was said previously to the production of the opera in Paris. The choruses—the scarcity of which in the opera we cannot help regretting—were executed to perfection, that at the commencement of the second act having been re-demanded. No expense seems to have been spared upon the dresses, which, as far as we can judge from the drawings of Breton costume which we have seen, were quite correct in detail. The principal interest of the evening, however, naturally centred in Madame Miolan Carvalho, who made her first appearance in England in the character of Dinorah, and who, to judge by the enthusiasm with which she was greeted throughout the evening, has already won for herself high popularity by her performance of this single character. She is small in stature, fair, and particularly graceful in every movement; her acting is natural, intelligent, and free from all mannerism or exaggeration—such, indeed, as is seldom seen upon the Italian stage, where we too frequently have the alternative either of redundant gesture or stolid indifference to the requirements of the scene. As regards her vocal powers, we know of no one who could have executed the immensely difficult music of the heroine's part better, or, indeed, so well. We have not seen Marie Cabel, the original Dinorah, in this particular part, but have heard the opinion expressed of those who have done so, and who consider Madame Miolan Carvalho's impersonation of the character even superior to that of the prima donna of the Opéra Comique. All that her voice wants is a little more power, but in every other respect we have no hesitation in pronouncing her singing as being of first-rate excellence. Of the difficulties of florid vocalisation she is completely mistress, as she especially proved by her clear and brilliant execution in the long duet with Corentin (Gardoni) in the first act, in the immensely difficult "shadow song," and various other portions of the opera. The register of her voice, as the exigencies of the part demand, is very high, reaching the C above the line without the least effort, and what is better than all, her intonation is remarkably true. The management has every reason to congratulate itself upon having succeeded in replacing Madame Bosio, for whom, if she had lived, the part was intended, so efficiently.

Of the other singers we must speak briefly. Signor Graziani (Höel) and Signor Gardoni (Corentin) astonished us by the ease and correctness with which they executed the difficult music which, whatever be its merits, its greatest admirers must allow to be somewhat unvoiced, and which is widely different in character from the cantabile school of modern Italian Opera. The same remark is true of Madame Nantier Didiée and Madlle. Marai, who took the small parts of the two goatherds, and who sang the duets entrusted to them admirably. We never recollect to have heard the former lady to more advantage than in the new air of the second act, which was enthusiastically encored. Nor must we omit a passing word of praise to Signor Neri Baraldi (the reaper) and Signor Tagliafico (the hunter), who sang their respective songs and the quartet with the two ladies just mentioned, in a style which left nothing to be desired. Altogether, we have very rarely been present at a performance which in every detail gave us such complete satisfaction. The greatest enthusiasm prevailed in the theatre, which was crowded in every part, and when, in answer to repeated cries for the composer, M. Meyerbeer was led on before the curtain by Mr. Costa after every act, he was greeted by the audience with overpowering applause. From beginning to end the performance was a complete triumph for composer, manager, conductor, and performers alike.

## REVIEWS.

## THE LIFE OF CHARLES JAMES FOX.\*

THE most interesting part of Lord John Russell's second volume consists in the announcement that the third will at last contain some portion of the biography of Fox. Six volumes, in addition to the abortive attempts of Lord Holland and Mr. Allen, have already excited and disappointed general curiosity; but at the seventh attempt, like Bruce's spider, Lord John Russell may be expected to commence his web. In the meantime, the present sketch of political history during the first half of Pitt's administration is not altogether worthless or wholly superfluous. As a moderately readable abridgment of various heavy compilations, or as an expanded and diluted version of Lord Macaulay's brilliant summary, the second volume of the Life of Fox may find a permanent though humble place in historical literature. The author has naturally profited by the numerous family papers which have been published during the last ten years, and especially by the Grenville Correspondence. His judgments are temperate, candid, and frequently just; and if the book had been written by a professional man of letters, at the request of a publisher, it would have been passed over with little notice, or perhaps with a sentence of careless approval. Lord John Russell has no reason to complain that his work is compared with a higher standard. The successor of Fox might have been reasonably expected to have illustrated from original sources the character and history of his famous predecessor, and, as Minister and party leader, ought to possess a special insight into the meaning of political conflicts; yet in the present volume it would be as difficult to point out a new anecdote as to derive instruction from any display of statesmanlike judgment. The barrenness of Whig tradition is only to be explained by the complacent dulness of Fox's contemporary admirers. There can be no doubt of his extraordinary ability, or of the fascination which he exercised over all his associates and followers; but his speeches and writings are evidently insufficient records of his powers, and his friends seem to have thought that their own devotion to his memory superseded the necessity of remembering anything definite about his life and character. Lord Holland's narrow bigotry suggested, as the best mode of exalting his hero, the collection of spiteful gossip against his opponents and rivals. Lord John Russell abstains from repeating vulgar calumnies against Pitt, and Burke, and Sheridan, nor is he unwilling to censure Fox's numerous errors of conduct and of judgment; but he fails to bring out into substantial relief the shadow of a name which he has undertaken to celebrate.

The defeat of the Coalition and the triumph of Pitt have been long since sufficiently discussed. On the historical question there is no serious difference of opinion, and the constitutional problems involved in the struggle have ceased to possess any practical importance. The intrigue of the King and Lord Temple against the Ministers of the day was undoubtedly censurable; but the losing party, after expending every art of mismanagement in the conflict, grossly exaggerated the importance of the crisis which had ended in their failure. Although the personal supremacy of the Crown finally ended with the installation of Pitt, Fox obstinately maintained to the end of his life that the exclusion of the Whig aristocracy from office had been equivalent to the institution of a despotism. In one of Mr. Rogers's scanty reminiscences, the leader of the Opposition expresses his opinion that of all European countries England will be the last to be free. Russia, he says, may be emancipated by the gradual dispersion of ignorance, but there is no hope for a kingdom which acquiesces in an absolute monarchy in the full enjoyment of political knowledge and experience. Lord John Russell's opinion of the King's conduct may be reasonable and just, but as the dangers which were apprehended have never been realized, the whole discussion may fairly be regarded as obsolete.

The same remark will apply to almost all the historical summaries which oddly make up the volume. It is hard on biographical students that, when they ask for information about Mr. Fox, they should be compelled to read over again for the fiftieth time the history of the French Revolution, and perhaps for the fifth time the dealings of Warren Hastings with Cheyt Singh of Benares. These and many other events occurred during Fox's life, furnishing him with materials for opposition, and in some instances essentially influencing his fortunes. In a narrative of his life it is impossible to avoid reference to notorious public transactions, but a judicious biographer would, as far as possible, take the notoriety for granted. It is impossible that Lord John Russell should have any new light to throw on the Reign of Terror, nor does it appear that he even professes to have formed any original judgment on the domestic politics of the epoch which he describes. It is idle to repeat, after long experience, Mr. Mill's assertion, that Fox's India Bill was afterwards in substance enacted by Pitt. The monstrous proposal of vesting large and permanent powers in seven obscure Whig partisans was wholly different from the institution of a Ministry for the control of the affairs of India. It is, moreover, an error to suppose that the practical administration of India was vested

\* *The Life and Times of Charles James Fox.* By the Right Hon. Lord John Russell, M.P. Vol. II. London: Bentley. 1859.

in the Board which represented the ultimate supremacy of the Crown. Until the passing of the ill-judged Act of 1858, the Court of Directors possessed larger powers than those which they had enjoyed before the legislation of 1784.

The quarrel between Fox and Burke, and the subsequent disruption of the Whig party, belong more properly to Lord John Russell's subject, and the most valuable part of the volume consists in his argument against the policy of the war which commenced in 1793. No writer has urged more forcibly the anomalous position of England when the Government disclaimed all pretension to impose a dynasty on France, and yet allied itself with the Continental Powers who were openly professing their intention of restoring the Bourbon monarchy. It is doubtful whether the reckless demagogues of Paris could have been restrained from declaring war; but the character of the contest would have been wholly altered if Pitt had published in 1793 the despatch which he addressed at the time to the English Minister at St. Petersburg. "There can be little doubt," says Lord John Russell, "that if, instead of waiting to the end of December, Mr. Pitt had by that time obtained the co-operation of Russia—if this concert had been notified at Paris, and if part of the Low Countries had been ceded to France, or the whole of Belgium erected into an independent State, as was done forty years afterwards—peace might have been restored to Europe. Possibly the life of Louis XVI. might have been spared; that of the Queen would in all probability have been saved. M. Chauvelin was instructed to say that Belgium should be free to choose her own Government as an independent State. Austria, indeed, would have objected. But on the principle of the *uti possidetis*, she would have had no right to complain."

On the whole, every occasion of reconsidering the history of the times confirms the impression that of the two extraordinary rivals for power, Pitt, although he may not have possessed a higher capacity, was, by a combination of character and circumstances, the greater man. The long-continued responsibility of office undoubtedly saved him from many errors of that kind which is connected with the license of faction. But even in Opposition Pitt would have preserved a dignity and self-respect which would have secured him from many of the blunders of his reckless adversary. He would never have opposed a commercial treaty on the ground that France was the natural enemy of England, nor would he have claimed for the heir of the Crown an indefeasible right to the Regency on the occurrence of disability in the King. Fox seems to have been, notwithstanding his wonderful ability, incapable of varying the point of view from which he regarded a political question. When the Girondists, with their rabble of assassins, stormed the Tuileries on the 10th of August, Fox gravely justified their violence, on the ground that the conduct of the unhappy King had not been strictly consistent with Whig principles. The long failure of his life was occasioned by his obstinate determination to reduce the Crown not merely to a cipher, but to a conscious and contemptible nonentity. He had something of the narrowness and pedantry of which French theorists boast when they claim for their countrymen a peculiar aptitude for political logic. Because the English Constitution placed the chief power in the House of Commons, he sprang to the conclusion that the influence of the Crown was an anomaly and a usurpation. There was also a resemblance to French politicians in his resolute incapacity to recognise the honesty or merits of his opponents. He often called Pitt a villain, and he always appeared to believe that the Minister who was incessantly attempting to negotiate a peace entertained a profligate and obstinate love for war on its own account.

It is difficult to say whether Fox himself or the country experienced the greater loss by the bad fortune and the imprudence which kept him for the greater part of his life out of office. His reputation in the early part of his career was of so extraordinary a nature that it might, in the person of a leading Minister, have almost been regarded as a source of national power. When he was attacking Lord North's Administration, foreign sovereigns, such as Frederick the Great and Catherine of Russia, sometimes declared themselves members of the Foxite Opposition. During his short tenure of office under Lord Rockingham, although he was incessantly employed in securing the preponderance of his own section of the Cabinet, he found the means of impressing foreign Governments with a respect which they had never felt for his weak and unpopular predecessors. It is by no means improbable that if the King had given way one or two years earlier, Fox would have carried out the wish of the nation by making peace with America alone, and at the same time inflicting signal vengeance on Spain, and France, and Holland, for their greedy attempt to profit by the necessities of England. His subsequent sympathy with public enemies arose from a common feeling of animosity to the great Minister who at home and abroad was identified with the English cause. As Foreign Secretary or Premier, Fox would have been a national Minister, and he would have carried out any system which he might have adopted with the vigour and courage of conscious superiority. In the Coalition Government Fox assumed, as if by natural right, the functions which were nominally vested in the Duke of Portland. In a singularly able letter, republished by Lord John Russell, he gives Lord Northampton, then Lord Lieutenant, detailed instructions for the government of Ireland in the crisis which followed the dangerous

triumph of the Volunteers. His language is that of a statesman, without a trace of the demagogue or partisan; and, if the King could have borne with him for a short time, or if he could himself have displayed a prudent spirit of conciliation, both would have found that their interests and objects were, on the whole, identical. It is difficult to say whether Fox would have conducted the affairs of the country as ably as the youthful rival who profited by his rashness and obstinacy; but, if it had been possible for the two great leaders to combine, George III. would have been better served than any of his predecessors on the English throne, and than all his contemporaries in Europe.

#### A LITERARY QUARREL.\*

IF the elder Disraeli had been now living, he might have added to his catalogue of the Quarrels of Authors a singularly complete illustration of the peculiar weaknesses to which imaginative writers are subject, by comparing a couple of tales called *Elle et Lui*, and *Lui et Elle*, written respectively by Madame George Sand and M. Paul de Musset, and obviously intended to give accounts of the same set of transactions from two opposite points of view. The substance of the two stories is precisely the same; and we do not think that we can remember an instance in which the affairs of private persons were published to all the world by those who were principally interested in them under more transparent aliases.

The facts upon which both parties agree, and which each writer describes in his own way, are as follows:—There were living in Paris two artists—in George Sand's story two painters, in M. de Musset's two musicians—one of whom was a young man of about four-and-twenty, and the other a lady some years older. The gentleman was a *gentilhomme*, who from circumstances had betaken himself to professional life. The lady, who was living in a strange sort of independence, without any very assignable connexions of any legitimate or illegitimate character, had attracted attention by her artistic powers, and enjoyed a kind of celebrity which would not appear to have been particularly enviable. They lived in a singular sort of companionship, which gradually merged into a connexion of a commoner kind. From Paris they went to Italy, and there a variety of causes of jealousy arose—according to George Sand from the gentleman's conduct, and according to M. de Musset's from the lady's. Ultimately, they arrived at the conclusion that their best course was to agree to differ, and their relations came to an end without divorce, as they commenced without marriage.

Such is the substance of each story. Each contains, in addition, a certain infusion of the dramatic element, obviously introduced for the purpose of throwing the narrative into the shape which the readers and writers of novels expect. In Madame Sand's story the heroine is the victim of a sham marriage into which she was inveigled in her youth by a bigamist. There is a mysterious friend in this book—an American of the name of Palmer—who acts as the heroine's confidential and disinterested adviser. He is at one period inclined to marry her, and finally restores to her the child whom she had borne to her pretended husband, and thus fills up the void in her affections which the bad behaviour of her lover had created. In M. de Musset's novel there is also a third person, who is called Palmericho—an Italian doctor. Whilst the hero and heroine are in Italy together, the former falls ill of a brain fever. The latter falls in love with the doctor, and on her first lover's convalescence, she threatens to lock him up in a madhouse on the certificate of the second, and this transaction is the proximate cause of the quarrel.

The two stories are thus substantially the same, and the fact to which each relates is the circumstance—more common and simple than creditable—of the rise, progress, and dissolution of an illegitimate connexion between two persons of opposite sexes engaged in artistic pursuits. The curiosity of the two tales consists in the completeness of the illustration which they afford of the horrible injustice of the system of attacking private character in novels. It is a system of which we have seen some striking instances in this country, but Mme. Sand and M. de Musset go far beyond anything that we ever remember here. The principal character in Mme. Sand's novel is, beyond all question, a portrait of the late Alfred de Musset, and it is equally obvious that the heroine in his brother's novel stands in a similar relation to Mme. Sand herself. As regards the proceedings of the authors, their antithetical titles suggest that justice might be done by describing them in somewhat analogous English as six of one and half-a-dozen of the other; but the discredit which attaches to each of them arises, not from the portrait drawn of them by his or her adversary, but from the portrait which they have drawn of the persons whom they respectively wished to exhibit to the world at large in infamous colours. According to Mme. Sand, M. de Musset was a sort of monster of caprice, childishness, and debauchery. He was a man who might fairly be represented as entrapping a woman who treated him with the generous confidence of a companion in study, into a connexion which he rendered a constant source, not only of torture, but of insult. It is also fair to say of him that he was at the age of twenty-four a veteran debauchee, both in

\* *Elle et Lui*. Par George Sand. Paris. 1859.

*Lui et Elle*. Par Paul de Musset (in the *Magasin de Librairie*). Paris. 1859.



practice and principle. His powers, we are told, were exercised only in violent spasms, leaving behind them long periods of idleness and depression which were filled up by every sort of vicious self-indulgence. On the other hand, M. Paul de Musset has even more to say against Mme. Sand. Her representative in *Lui et Elle* is guilty of a string of atrocities perhaps even more disgraceful than those which Mr. Disraeli attributed in *Coningsby* to Mr. Croker. She lives in a perfect atmosphere of treachery, falsehood, and lust. Once she steals letters; once she conspires with a doctor to throw her lover into a madhouse for the rest of his life; once she is unfaithful to him before his eyes, as he lies, to all appearance, on his death-bed. Such are the accounts which one of these clever writers gives of her former lover, and the other of his brother's mistress.

Upon the regard for decency, and the amount of good feeling which such a proceeding shows, we shall not say a single word. The tone of feeling which happily prevails in this country will hardly leave room for two opinions as to the moral character of such attacks as these, directed against a dead man and a living woman, and aimed exclusively at faults which, however serious, are absolutely without any public importance whatever. It is to the terrible iniquity of the mode of attack, rather than to its substantial injustice, that we wish to call attention. Each of the tales in question possesses considerable artistic merit. In each the principal character is drawn with much skill, and is worked out in a very careful and harmonious manner. For tales, considered merely as tales, these would be great merits; but in tales, considered as weapons to be used for the destruction of personal character, they are the greatest of all possible faults. The justification of personal attacks on personal enemies of whatever description, depends exclusively upon questions of fact. It may be right, under certain circumstances, to state fully and positively the nature and extent of a particular person's misconduct. It may even be highly important and meritorious to do so, but this can only be the case where the accusation is at once specific and true. It is in fact hardly possible to imagine a state of things in which it can be otherwise than a crime to make a personal enemy into the hero of a novel. It is not in human nature to withstand the temptation to injustice which such a proceeding affords, and the injustice is aggravated by every circumstance which gives excellence to the novel. The only merit which an accusation can ever have is an unbiassed and unexaggerated adherence to fact. Such an adherence is altogether repugnant to the fundamental principles of fiction. The impression created by a novel is entirely dependent upon the skill with which it is composed, and with which the different features of the characters represented are made to harmonize with each other. Effectiveness and not accuracy of statement is the object at which novelists invariably and necessarily aim; and the consequence is, that when they convert what should be works of art into personal libels, the art and malignity with which the libel is composed become the evidence by which its reception is secured. The imaginary characters of William Caze and Laurent de Fauvel, are certainly thrown into strong relief by the characteristic touches of treachery and caprice with which the authors of *Elle et Lui*, and *Lui et Elle*, adorn them. We feel that such persons as they have described might be expected to act in that manner, and that the completeness and picturesque effect of the likenesses is increased by introducing assertions that in fact they did so act; but the consequence which insinuates itself imperceptibly into the reader's mind is that the persons whom the fictitious characters were intended or are supposed to represent, acted in the manner alleged, and this is altogether a different matter. The special cruelty, the peculiar malignancy of libels conveyed through the medium of novels, is that mankind at large are totally unable to distinguish between the completeness with which the talent of the writers invests the creations of his own brain and the completeness with which they would be invested by a scrupulous adherence to the truth. Invention is generally supposed to be so much more difficult than faithful description, that when the portrait is consistent, bold, and lifelike, and when it is known to have been drawn from the life, its peculiarities are sure to be attributed to its resemblance to the original, and not to the skill or passion of the painter.

Apart from the illustration which these stories afford of this point, they, and especially Mme. Sand's, are curious, as involving a theory about the characteristics of men of genius which we do not remember to have seen advanced so crudely. "On doit donc leur pardonner des entraînemens plus soudains et des impressions plus fiévreuses. L'opinion est qu'elle le doit, car elle est généralement plus indulgente pour ceux qui errent forcément dans la tempête que pour ceux qui bercent un calme plat. Et puis le monde exige des artistes le feu d'inspiration, et il faut bien que ce feu qui déborde pour les plaisirs et les enthousiasmes du public arrive à les consumer eux-mêmes." This is the doctrine of Byronism thrown into a dogmatic form. An "artist" cannot be expected to keep the ten commandments, because he is so very clever and sensitive. If the great principles of morality were merely conventional, there might be some truth in this; but if they contain in themselves the highest standard of moral beauty and dignity, surely those who claim to be peculiarly susceptible to considerations arising out of a perception of beauty and dignity, ought to regulate their conduct by them more, and not less, perfectly than their neighbours. Immorality in artists, as in others, arises not from strength of passion only, but from the absence of a

corresponding strength of will. Indeed, though imaginative writers are constantly wondering at their own weaknesses, and alternately boasting and crying over them in a very foolish manner, the simple truth is, that they only differ from the rest of the world in possessing a certain set of showy talents. Stupid and commonplace people do abundance of wicked and extravagant things. Sir Cresswell Cresswell passes his life in hearing stories which are quite as discreditable to the parties concerned as the things that Madame Sand and M. de Musset have got to say about each other. The stories told in the Divorce Court do not fall into shapes of so much picturesqueness as the stories contained in *Elle et Lui*, and *Lui et Elle*; but the substance of them is very much the same, and just about as interesting. Artists who misconduct themselves in the common relations of life differ from the rest of the world only in their abnormal consciousness of their own absurdity, and in the fact that they are most unnecessarily surprised at finding that such clever people should be such fools.

#### THE HANDBOOKS.\*

THERE is one class of persons at least to whom the Peace of Villafranca will give the most unfeigned satisfaction. Disappointed tourists, who were gloomily looking forward to the humdrum routine and diluted fashion of an English watering-place, or were trying to persuade themselves that Snowdon is nearly as fine as the Bernese Oberland after all, will readily forgive any flaws that cavillers may detect in the pacific conversion of the Emperor Napoleon. *Après moi le déluge*, says the tourist up the Rhine, as he remembers the ambitious projects of which that river is the watchword. Little do cares for the balance of power disturb the anticipations of the light-hearted thousands now busily engaged in conning over guide-books, blundering about passports, and swathing shapeless bundles in strange entanglements of straps. Their only anxiety is how they may scamper through the maximum of lions in the minimum of time. But conning over guide-books is no such easy matter as it once was, now that the Murray monopoly is broken down, and that the conflict of advice is almost as puzzling as the recommendations of the touters who distract the sickening soul of Paterfamilias as he steps upon the pier at Boulogne. Some attempt to guide him among the guide-books may not be unwelcome to the inexperienced tourist, who at this moment looks on all other kinds of literature with sovereign contempt.

There are three principal competitors for his allegiance—Murray, Bradshaw, and Longman. Mr. Murray's Handbooks have been so often criticised, and so often praised, that the only new thing that can be said about them is that they are no longer new. Like everything respectable and aristocratic, they are singularly impatient of change. They, or at least the earlier members of the series, were originally drawn up to meet the wants of those who were able and accustomed to travel post before the days of railways; and though strenuous efforts have been made to graft the new information upon the old, yet, as after the reform of a mediæval institution, many traces of what is old and obsolete remain. On the principal lines of travel, the Handbooks have kept pace with the changes that are yearly taking place; but in more remote and less frequented districts this has not been, and without enormous outlay could not well have been, the case. We will take an example from an outlying part of Belgium. The following is the description of the little village of St. Hubert, in the forest of Ardennes:—"St. Hubert (Inn, H. des Pays Bas), a miserable little town of 1842 inhab., occupying a clearance in the midst of the grand forest of St. Hubert, which has a circumference of 40 m. The Abbey Church is a fine Gothic edifice." There are no less than three errors in these few lines. The "clearance" has been so effectively carried out, that the grand forest of St. Hubert is no longer visible from the village; even the memory of the Hotel des Pays Bas has perished; and the Church of St. Hubert, though it might have been called a fine Gothic edifice, in the state to which ecclesiological science had reached when the Handbook was first written, could scarcely claim that title now. It is nearly all of Renaissance date, and its decorations are almost exclusively Italian. By way of a compensating sin of omission, no mention is made of what is now one of the chief features of the place—a Reformatory which has been established in the old Convent by the Government. This is a sample of the wrinkles of age which may be easily discovered in any part of the Handbooks which deals with districts far removed from the well-worn grooves along which the annual swarms of English tourists are passively propelled. But these defects are trifles compared to the faults of which Mr. Murray's more modern and go-a-head rivals are guilty.

Bradshaw's *Continental Guide* is the very reverse of Murray. Murray is aged and respectable—Bradshaw cannot be said to be either the one or the other. It is a purely commercial undertaking, conducted on the smartest American principles. Some of it—as, for instance, the introductory advice relating to passports and money—appears to be taken without acknowledgment from Murray; and the greater part of it, wherever the notices travel beyond Bradshaw's own speciality of railroad information, displays little investigation, no taste, and a

\* Murray's Handbooks; Bradshaw's *Continental Guide*; Longman's *Practical Guides*.

very minute sense of responsibility. Few persons would probably think of looking to it for artistic or historical information, but on the more businesslike and material subject of hotel accommodation, they might be inclined to trust the prosaic Bradshaw rather than the æsthetic Murray. Before they do so, it will be well that they should notice a rather curious coincidence between two portions of the work. For each place of note there are two lists of hotels—one in the Guide itself at the head of the descriptive notice of that place, and the other in the advertisement sheets at the end. We do not wish to suggest any explanation of the fact, but it is a remarkable peculiarity that, so far as we have been able to discover, the two lists in each case exactly correspond. Those hotels that advertise are recommended, and those hotels that do not advertise are not recommended. Even the order in which the hotels are advertised is carefully preserved in the recommendation, and a certain proportion is observable between the length of the advertisement and the warmth of the recommendation. Wherever the advertisement is particularly diffuse, Bradshaw acknowledges the depth of his obligation by inserting in the Guide the words "highly recommended," which, in point of fact, are strictly applicable. Sometimes, indeed, with a laudable love of accuracy, and a fine contempt for needless squeamishness, the very words of the advertisement, with all their sumptuous expenditure of epithets, are copied into the Guide. But woe to the luckless hotel that shall not advertise. There is a certain Hotel du Rhin at Cologne; it is highly recommended by the two other guide-books; but it fails in that appreciation of the value of advertisements which befits a well-regulated hotel: and therefore Bradshaw pitilessly shuts it out from the page in which its advertising rivals vie with each other in the radiance of laudatory epithets. Still heavier justice is meted out to the Hotel Dessin at Calais. Most people who know Calais know that the Hotels Quillac and Dessin are very much on a par both in point of comfort and expense. But Quillac advertises, and Dessin does not, and therefore Quillac appears with the usual flourish of trumpets, while Dessin is coldly dismissed with the two damning words "more expensive."

Messrs. Longman's series of "Practical Guides," printed at Leipsic, have at least the merit of conciseness and portability. But the authors' only conception of the "practical" seems to be a panting, breathless hurry. It is principally distinguished from other guide-books by the speed with which the writer gets over his ground, and the pace at which the ideal traveller is expected to perform his corresponding task. It is written for a race of tourists who neither eat nor sleep, nor read the newspapers. Orestes flying from the Erinnyes, or the Man with the Cork Leg, are the only recorded travellers who could have used the "Practical Guides" without a distressing feeling of unworthiness. The cheek of the stoutest would turn pale on reading the programme of unremitting toil by which the "Practical Guide" expects the traveller to master every lion in Paris in one day. And such as the precepts are, such is the style. Every sentence of it is redolent of hurry. It reads like the composition of a man who, as a penalty for dawdling in this life, had been condemned in Tartarus to be incessantly and vainly trying to catch a train. Its proper title should have been, "Gasps from Guide-books, by a Breathless Bagman." Here is a specimen of the style. It is an anecdote thoroughly out of breath:—"The earthquake of 1855 shook severely the houses—no more. It was the *table-d'hôte* time in the hotels; they were crammed and cramming. All rushed out, except one man, he composedly kept his seat by the window—he was English." A message by the electric telegraph, at one shilling a score of words, could not rival the conciseness of this panting Guide. Here is the description of Rotterdam:—"On the Maas (Rhine). Queer old streets, houses, domestic contrivances, canals and citizens." With this satisfactory description the tourist is left to his own reflections on Rotterdam. Possibly he may think that he could have made that reflection, so far as it is intelligible, for himself. It is hard to stamp all the citizens of Rotterdam as not only queer, but old; yet our practical author's straining after brevity occasionally leads him into still stranger manipulations of the English language. In one place we are told that "the mountains close savagely;" in another that a landscape is "Alp-bounded distantly;" in a third that a "museum of wax-works is open politely to inspection at the Baron Despine." Civilization is certainly progressing when even museums become polite. Occasionally very peculiar ambiguities of meaning are the result of this economy of words. One of the sights of Treves is—"5, Schwartzes Thor; date doubtful, massive, and of great interest." And at Marseilles one of the hotels is—"Hotel des Empereurs, Rue Cannebière, new proprietor, newly embellished." We can certainly understand—and value—a newly-embellished proprietor better than we can a massive date. But we own to a total inability to decipher the meaning of the following description of the Rhine near Oberwesel:—"The river narrows and winds into the cold, dark gorge of the Lurlei-Felsen—the rocks where the siren 'Lurley,' the prima donna of former days, bewitched men by her songs. Its admirable echo is evoked by cannon and trumpet—influences brought much to bear upon prima donnas of the present day." In spite of the proverb, the brevity here is a great deal too much for the wit.

For what reason a press at Leipsic has been selected for the printing of these enterprising Guide-books it is impossible to say.

Printing in a foreign language is always a difficult undertaking, and its difficulties are not mitigated by the extreme accuracy required for a Guide-book. Even a very cursory inspection has enabled us to discover many errors of the press, which naturally detract from that unlimited confidence which a tourist should repose in his guide. We can hardly trust more recondite and doubtful figures, when we find so notorious a date as the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo stated as June the 16th. We fear that the characteristic hurry of the book has extended to the printing. There is an old adage, that it is ill spoiling a ship for a penn'orth of tar. A very little more expenditure of time, and the admission of a very few more pages of paper, would have entitled this Handbook to the praise which it can but imperfectly claim now, of being not only a very compact, but a very reliable and intelligible guide.

#### SHELLEY MEMORIALS.\*

THE nearest relations of Shelley, as we learn from the preface to this volume, were dissatisfied with the mode in which Mr. Hogg performed the task assigned him of writing the poet's life. They have therefore reclaimed from him the papers which he was to make use of for those volumes of his work which are not yet published, and the contents of these papers, together with a slight sketch of Shelley's life, have been made into a thin volume by Lady Shelley, the poet's daughter-in-law. Lady Shelley has done very well what she undertook to do. She has shown good judgment in not going diffusely over facts with which the public is familiar, and she has given a clear and connected account of the chief outward circumstances of Shelley's life. But these Memorials have not much interest for those who have read the accounts of Shelley which have been previously published. For those accounts were written by friends and companions of Shelley—by writers who had known him personally—and had thus the vividness and the interest which attach to biography when there has been a tie during life between the writer and the person written of. Lady Shelley cannot, of course, command this kind of interest. She only arranges and states facts as the nearest friends of Shelley believe they ought to be arranged and stated. We do not feel that we know anything more about Shelley after reading this volume than we did before. It was not so with Mr. Hogg's volumes. They were full of absurdity, but they painted Shelley as he appeared in daily life, before his intellect and character were matured, to an intimate companion. Whatever may be the faults of Mr. Hogg's book, we cannot doubt that there was in reality a Shelley very like the Shelley he describes. The curious thing is that no trace appears in his pages of another Shelley. We hear of eccentricities, but never of anything which shows mental growth. We are told how Shelley spent his time, but not how he advanced in poetical power. Still Mr. Hogg's portrait is worth having. The same may be said even more strongly of Captain Medwin's Life. He leaves a disagreeable impression of himself—of his quarrelsomeness, vanity, and affectation—but he also leaves a full and favourable likeness of Shelley. Substantially all that is to be known about Shelley is to be found in Captain Medwin's volumes. In all the accounts of Shelley there is a great deal passed over which will probably never be cleared up. Captain Medwin is perhaps the most communicative, but we must expect never to be able to distinguish accurately between the real and the visionary part of Shelley's life—between the effects of ill health and a brooding imagination, on the one hand, and the tribute paid to external sorrow on the other. Probably Shelley himself could not have exactly described either the origin or the intensity of the depression under which he suffered even in the happiest times of his second marriage.

These new Memorials are really not about Shelley, but about Mrs. Shelley, so far as they are not mere repetitions of what has been published long ago. They contain several letters from her to female friends during her stay with her husband in Italy, and a series of extracts from her journal. Her writings have long ago established her literary reputation, but these new documents will confirm and add to it. They show the beauty and the nobleness of her character, and the depth of her affections. It has scarcely ever happened in the history of the human race that a man of poetical genius has found a partner so suited to him and so worthy of him as Shelley found in the daughter of Godwin. The beauty of the language, the justness and depth of the thoughts which were at her command, fill us with astonishment. But we are obliged equally to admire her calmness and her extreme naturalness. She writes—as every human being who ever wrote a journal must write—with a sense that she is in some degree working up her feelings into a presentable form, but she never writes in order to write well. She does not abandon herself to rhapsody. We will give our readers one or two extracts from her journal, because there is really nothing else in the book to comment on. That Mary Shelley was fit to be her husband's wife, both in intellect and in nobleness of character, is the one fact which, if not established by this volume, is put in a stronger and a clearer light than it has ever been put in before.

Short quotations from Mrs. Shelley's Journal are given in the record of the last few years of Shelley's life; but at the end of

\* *Shelley Memorials*. From Authentic Sources. Edited by Lady Shelley. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1859.

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the volume there is printed a series of extracts from the journal and these extracts extend to considerable length. They are principally taken from entries made three or four months after Shelley's death; and even now that both she and her husband have long passed away, a stranger to both cannot read without strong emotion these eloquent chronicles of a grief deeper, and yet more idealized, than is felt by one in a thousand of those who truly sorrow. We will select, as most interesting when taken by itself, a passage in which she speaks of the effect produced on her by hearing the familiar voice of Lord Byron (spoken of as Albé):—

I do not think that any person's voice has the same power of awakening melancholy in me as Albé's. I have been accustomed, when hearing it, to listen and to speak little; another voice, not mine, ever replied—a voice whose strings are broken. When Albé ceases to speak, I expect to hear that other voice, and, when I hear another instead, it jars strangely with every association. I have seen so little of Albé since our residence in Switzerland, and, having seen him there every day, his voice—a peculiar one—is engraved on my memory with other sounds and objects from which it can never disunite itself. I have heard Hunt in company and conversation with many when my own one was not there. Trelawny, perhaps, is associated in my mind with Edward more than with Shelley. Even our older friends, Peacock and Hogg, might talk together, or with others, and their voices would suggest no change to me. But, since incapacity and timidity always prevented my mingling in the nightly conversations of Diodati, they were, as it were, entirely *tête-à-tête* between my Shelley and Albé; and thus, as I have said, when Albé speaks and Shelley does not answer, it is as thunder without rain—the form of the sun without heat or light—as any familiar object might be, shorn of its best attributes; and I listen with an unspeakable melancholy that yet is not all pain.

The above explains that which would otherwise be an enigma—why Albé, by his mere presence and voice, has the power of exciting such deep and shifting emotions within me. For my feelings have no analogy either with my opinion of him, or the subject of his conversation. With another I might talk, and not for the moment think of Shelley—at least not think of him with the same vividness as if I were alone; but when in company with Albé, I can never cease for a second to have Shelley in my heart and brain, with a clearness that mocks reality—interfering, even by its force, with the functions of life—until, if tears do not relieve me, the hysterical feeling, analogous to that which the murmur of the sea gives me, presses painfully upon me.

Well, for the first time for about a month, I have been in company with Albé for two hours, and, coming home, I write this, so necessary is it for me to express in words the force of my feelings. Shelley, beloved! I look at the stars and at all nature, and it speaks to me of you in the clearest accents. Why cannot you answer me, my own one? Is the instrument so utterly destroyed? I would endure ages of pain to hear one tone of your voice strike on my ear.

At the end of the extracts belonging to the first few months of Shelley's life there is a gap; and we pass on to a long extract, written fifteen years afterwards, in which Mrs. Shelley reviews her life, and examines her character. It was her isolation that, in her own opinion, had blighted her powers. She tried hard to cultivate herself; she studied, she wrote; but she had been accustomed to the stimulating companionship and the tender guidance of Shelley, and she could not do well without it. "Books," she says, "do much, but the living intercourse is the vital heat. Debarred from that, how have I pined and died." She also seems to have suffered intensely from the persecutions of a set of persons who considered that she belonged to their party, and that she was bound to advocate their opinions. Especially they seem to have considered they had a claim on her to be perpetually backing the "Rights of Women;" and when she declined, they called her worldly and cold, and looked on her as a traitress and a recreant. Her reasons for not writing are so clearly and convincingly stated, and are so instructive for those who think it a duty to society that they should commit to print every vague and crude plan of reform, that we will give them as they stand:—

In the first place, with regard to 'the good cause'—the cause of the advancement of freedom and knowledge, of the rights of women, &c.—I am not a person of opinions. I have said elsewhere that human beings differ greatly in this. Some have a passion for reforming the world; others do not cling to particular opinions. That my parents and Shelley were of the former class, makes me respect it. I respect such when joined to real disinterestedness, toleration, and a clear understanding. My accusers, after such as these, appear to be mere drivellers. For myself, I earnestly desire the good and enlightenment of my fellow-creatures, and see all, in the present course, tending to the same, and rejoice; but I am not for violent extremes, which only bring on an injurious reaction. I have never written a word in disavowal of liberalism; that I have not supported it openly in writing, arises from the following causes, as far as I know:—

That I have not argumentative powers; I see things pretty clearly, but cannot demonstrate them. Besides, I feel the counter arguments too strongly. I do not feel that I could say aught to support the cause efficiently; besides that, on some topics (especially with regard to my own sex), I am far from making up my mind. I believe we are sent here to educate ourselves, and that self-denial, and disappointment, and self-control, are a part of our education; that it is not by taking away all restraining law that our improvement is to be achieved; and, though many things need great amendment, I can by no means go so far as my friends would have me. When I feel that I can say what will benefit my fellow-creatures, I will speak; not before.

As an appendix to the volume, Lady Shelley has given an Essay on Christianity, written by Shelley, and never before printed. We are very glad it should be published, because we rejoice to think we have here a proof that, in one great point at least, undeniable progress has been made. Thirty years ago it would have been considered not merely irreligious, but almost treasonable to the British Constitution, that an essay by Shelley on Christianity should close a volume composed by a lady. Now it will excite no kind of unfavourable remark, or none except of a kind so contemptible as not to require notice. The Essay has also a value of its own. The method of argument pursued in it is indeed almost ludicrous. All that in the teaching of the Gospels

seemed to Shelley to square with his philosophy of love is panegyricized as the admirable outpouring of a divine wisdom. All that would not fit is rejected as the evident interpolation of bigoted biographers. It is needless to say that this sort of criticism is quite out of date now; and as an interpretation of facts this Essay is worthless. But it is valuable because it tends to put religious topics in a new shape. The curse of a successful religion is conventionalism; and when a man of genius, and honesty, and love for what he thinks right, rejects the conventionalism, with all that is good in it as well as all that is bad, he is almost sure to invest familiar things with a freshness and a meaning that we have not found in them before. The Essay probably belongs to the last period of Shelley's life, and is singularly temperate and inoffensive in language; and the beauty of style and feeling with which it abounds will make it acceptable to many who will never for a moment be persuaded by its reasoning.

#### DEAN TRENCH'S SELECT GLOSSARY.\*

WE are always well pleased to see another of those small volumes whose look, at the first glimpse, pronounces them to be something new from the pen of Dean Trench. The Dean fills a position of his own in English literature—a position both highly honourable and highly useful. He is a first-rate English scholar. By this we mean that he has in a high degree that sort of knowledge of English which a good Greek scholar has of the language of ancient Greece. Such a scholar need not be a profound philologist. We do not think Dean Trench is one. When he attempts the higher philology he often shows that it is not exactly his forte. But he displays a wonderful knowledge of English literature of every age and of every kind since the English language assumed anything like its present form. And he has not only read the books, but he has thought about the language. He has marked every change in usage which has taken place in the course of successive centuries. And a similar knowledge of other languages, both ancient and modern, supplies him with abundant stores for etymology and analogy. Scholarship of this kind, if something different from scientific philology, is yet more different from a mere empirical knowledge of a spoken language, or even from that heavy kind of scholarship which cannot get beyond an occasional emendation in the text of a particular author. In this department of his own Dean Trench stands quite unrivalled. And his power of communicating knowledge is fully equal to the value of the knowledge which he has gathered together. His works are always no less pleasant than profitable. If they have any fault, it is an over tendency to moralizing. The Dean is rather too fond of finding a moral lesson in the changes of meaning in words at different times. This is a sort of thing of which one may easily have too much, and which moreover often leads the writer into needless subtleties.

Dean Trench thinks that, as the number of those who receive a classical education is diminishing—at any rate proportionably diminishing—a substitute must be sought in the more accurate study of our own tongue. We suppose the Dean is speaking of those who learn no language at all but their own. Otherwise, though no tongue can ever fully supply the place of Greek, yet much would be gained if modern foreign languages were better taught than they commonly are. A man who has learned German and French has the means, if he chooses to use them, of gaining considerable insight into the history of English. German especially, as an original language with a real grammar, might be so taught as, in some slight degree, to serve as a substitute for Greek. But foreign languages are commonly taught in such a wretched empirical way as to supply no mental discipline whatever. Germans learn English, and Englishmen learn German, without the faintest notion of the real analogies and differences between the two languages. For instance, that certain letters in one language answer, as an almost invariable rule, to certain letters in the other, is a piece of knowledge not vouchsafed to one learner in a hundred. We speak especially of German, as an original language, and one cognate with our own. As for the French tongue, its history is one of the most curious things in the whole history of language, but one who has not learned Latin can hardly learn French in any but an empirical way. But as the Dean introduces, in his present book, less reference than usual to foreign languages, whether ancient or modern, we suppose he wishes to show how great materials for thought and mental discipline are supplied by the existing English tongue only. For the same reason it is, doubtless, that he does not carry his present inquiry further back than to the times when English first began to assume its present shape. We do not think he quotes any writer earlier than Wicliffe. English of an earlier date is, in fact, a matter of philology rather than of scholarship. Historically the same speech, it is practically another tongue.

The Dean's present book consists of specimens of English words which have changed their meaning—supported, of course, by quotations showing the meanings which have gone out of use. He does not put it forth as exhaustive, but merely as a selection

\* A Select Glossary of English Words used formerly in different senses from their present. By Richard Chenevix Trench, D.D. London: J. W. Parker and Son. 1859.

which may lead others to carry on the study for themselves. He tells us in his preface—

My purpose being rather to arouse curiosity than fully to gratify it, to lead others themselves to take note of changes and to account for them, rather than to take altogether this pleasant labour out of their hands, and to do for them what they could more profitably do for themselves, I have consciously left much of the work undone, even as unconsciously, no doubt, I have left a great deal more. At the same time, it has not been mere caprice which has induced the particular selection of words which has been actually made. Various motives, but in almost every case such as I could give account of to myself, have ruled this selection. Sometimes the past use of a word has been noted and compared with the present as usefully exercising the mind in tracing minute differences and fine distinctions: or, again, as helpful to the understanding of our earlier authors, and likely to deliver the readers of them from misapprehensions into which they might very easily fall; or once more, as opening out a curious chapter in the history of manners, or as involving some interesting piece of history, or some singular superstition; or again, as witnessing for the good or for the evil which have been unconsciously at work in the minds and hearts of those who insensibly have modified in part or changed altogether the meaning of some word; or, lastly, or more generally, as illustrating well under one aspect or another those permanent laws which are everywhere affecting and modifying human speech.

Words change their meaning in various ways. Sometimes they change in an imperceptible kind of way which it would not be easy to explain, any more than we can explain why pronunciation alters—why, of two kindred tongues starting from the same point, one keeps one sound and one another, why one retains a word in one sense and another in a quite different one. "Knecht" and "Knight" are originally the same in sound and in meaning, and it is easy to trace the steps by which they reached their present diversity; but it is not so easy to give the why or the wherefore of each stage of the process. Changes like these are part of the philological history of several languages. They take place, as we may say, naturally, though in different directions. Some words get a wider, some get a narrower meaning—some rise in the world, others fall. Quite another class are the foreign imported words, of which the last two centuries have given us so many. Of these, many were really wanted, others are mere affectation. For abstract and technical words of all sorts we must draw upon other languages. One of the most lasting and one of the worst results of the Norman Conquest has been that we can no longer freely create and compound words in our own tongue, like our fellow-Teutons on the Continent. But besides these necessary evils, heaps of French and Latin words, or what would fain be taken for French and Latin words, have been poured in upon us without the slightest need. The language of Sir Thomas Browne and the language of a modern penny-a-liner can neither of them be called Teutonic; each writes in a Romance dialect of his own making. It is some little comfort to see that words of both these kinds almost always lose their meaning. They come in originally as technical or quasi-technical terms, and scholars are content to use them in their right places. Then those who are not scholars seize upon them because they do not know their meaning, and therefore think them finer than those words whose meanings they do know. "Individual," according to Johnson, is an adjective. He knows nothing of it as a substantive; but its substantive use often supplies a real need when we want to speak in a marked way of a single person as opposed to a corporation or a commonwealth. But "individual" has five syllables, while "man" has only one; therefore, hundreds of talkers and writers speak of an "individual," when no real special opposition is thought of, and when they simply mean a "man." "Party" is a good word enough when we are talking of a lawsuit, or of anything which an easy metaphor can regard as such. But "party" is used by a vast number of Englishmen simply as the translation of *homo*. "Party," luckily, is still a vulgarism, but honourable and right honourable persons talk about "individuals." "Residence" is a word good enough in a sort of technical and official sense. A clergyman "resides" on his living. The Cabinet Minister has an official "residence" in Downing-street. But we suppose that half our newspaper writers, if called on to make a German dictionary, would translate "Haus" by "residence," and "wohnen" by "to reside." Nothing is enough for an individual, but some things may be sufficient. The individual never speaks of a thing, he always alludes to it. He is never drunk, but he is sometimes inebriated. He is never naked, but he is sometimes in a state of nudity. He is the owner of nothing, but he may be a proprietor to any amount. He would not confess to being poor, but he may have only limited means, or he may find himself in reduced circumstances. He is never a tradesman or a farmer, but he is often engaged in commercial or agricultural pursuits. He never asks for anything, he always inquires. If he goes to an inn he never wants a room, but he often requires an apartment. Finally, a man may either live near London or else far from it, but an individual either resides at a distance from the metropolis, or else in its immediate vicinity.

Slang of this sort Dean Trench seems to have thought beneath him to speak of. But it is an evil especially to be struggled against with the class whom the Dean wishes particularly to benefit. A real scholar will, *ceteris paribus*, prefer a Teutonic word to a Latin one; and when a Latin word is really wanted, he will use it in its right place and in its right meaning. The half-educated man will use the Latin word by choice, because he thinks it finer, and of course he will often use it when it is not wanted, and use it in a wrong sense.

We must now give a few specimens of the instances selected by the Dean. Among them we will pick out one or two illus-

trating the vein of over-moralizing which we mentioned above:—

**MISCREANT.** A settled conviction that to believe wrongly is the way to live wrongly, has caused that in all languages words which originally did but indicate the first have gradually acquired a meaning of the second. There is no more illustrious example of this than "miscreant," which now charges him to whom it is applied, not with religious error, but with extreme moral depravity; while yet, according to its etymology, it did but mean at the first misbeliever, and as such would have been as freely applied to the morally most blameless of these as to the vilest and the worst. In the quotation from Shakespeare, York means to charge the Maid of Orleans as a dealer in unlawful charms, with apostasy from the Christian faith, according to the low and unworthy estimate of her character, above which even Shakespeare himself has not risen. "We are not therefore ashamed of the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, because miscreants in scorn have upbraided us that the highest of our wisdom is, Believe."—HOOKER, *Ecclesiastical Polity*, l. v.

Curse, miscreant, when thou comest to the stake.—SHAKESPEARE. *1 Henry VI.*, act 5, sc. 2.

The consort and principal servants of Soliman had been honourably restored without ransom; and the Emperor's generosity to the miscreant was interpreted as treason to the Christian cause.—GIBBON, *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, c. 58.

**MEASLES.** This has only been by later use restrained to one kind of spotted sickness; but "meazel" (it is spelt in innumerable ways) was once leprosy, or more often the leper himself, and the disease "measely."

Forsothe he was a stronge man and riche, but mesell.—*4 Kings*, v. 1.

**WICLIF.**

In this same year the myssesles thorowout Cristendom were slaudered that they had mad covenant with Saracenes for to poison all Christen men.—CAPGRAVE, *Chronicle of England*, p. 186.

He (Pope Deodatus) kissed a mysel, and sodeynly the mysel was whole.—*Id. Ib.* p. 95.

**BEASTLY, BEASTLINESS.** We translate (*Cor. xv. 44*) "a natural body;" some have regretted that it was not rendered "an animal body." This is exactly what Wiclif meant when he translated the "corpus animale," which he found in his *Vulgate*, "a beastly body." The word had then no ethical colouring; nor, when it first acquired such, had it exactly that which it now possesses.

It is soven a beestli bodi; it shall rise a spiritual bodi.—*1 Cor. xv. 44*.

**WICLIF.**

Where should they have made head with the whole army upon the Parthians, they sent him aid by small companies, and when they were slain they sent him others also. So that by their beastliness and lack of consideration they had like to have made all the army fly.—NORTH, *Plutarch's Lives*, p. 769.

Dean Trench several times quotes Capgrave's *Chronicle of England*. It is a pity he did not include the word "Saracen"—he has "Turk" in his *Select Glossary*—as he might thus have explained to the editor and translator of Capgrave how Henry of Lancaster came to fall in with that particular kind of miscreant, not only on the banks of the Jordan, but also on those of the Niemen and the Dwina.

#### KENTISH ARCHAEOLOGY.\*

AMONG the pleasanter ways of spending a summer's day, the meetings of local antiquarian societies deserve to hold a high place. The weather (we will assume) is favourable—with a sun bright, warm, and cheerful, yet not oppressively hot or glaring. You go in company with friends; you meet a multitude of other friends—some of them, perhaps, from a distance, people who seldom fall in your way, and are always welcome when they do; you are almost sure to make some desirable addition to your acquaintance, and to see strangers who are worth seeing. The ladies are all in their best humour, spirits, and looks, and in their prettiest morning attire; and, in addition to the company, there are the sights for the sake of which they profess to be drawn together—the grand old minster, the stern castle, the graceful abbey-ruins, the mysterious pre-historic masses of shapeless stone—with scholars and antiquaries of note to discourse on them, instead of ignorant old women or conceited vergers. Then comes the dinner, with its speeches—all of them good-humoured, agreeable, and above the average of provincial oratory, while some may perhaps be really admirable. And, even if there be nothing further for the evening, you go home, tired, perhaps, but highly satisfied, to dream of Romans and Britons, and abbots and mediæval barons, mixed up in strange combinations with the people and the adventures of the day which is just over, and to wish that next year's anniversary may be equally delightful. True it is, that there may be some drawbacks to the entireness of your enjoyment—the reading of papers being the most usual, the most plausible, and the most formidable. But, if you are a person of any skill, you may surely devise some means of escaping from the papers, unless you happen to be the unfortunate President or Secretary of the Society; and even Presidents and Secretaries may find some more interesting employment for their thoughts, while they seem to be attending to the tedious paragraphs which the respectable authors are dolefully droning out.

Much after the fashion which we have described did the members of the "Kent Archaeological Association" enjoy themselves on their first meeting, which took place at Canterbury a year ago. The concourse was large and brilliant, and the reading of papers was judiciously cut short. Professor Stanley was there to shed over the noble Cathedral the light of his learned and graceful illustration. The history and architecture of the great abbey of St. Augustine found their fittest possible exponent in the accomplished second founder of the house, Mr.

\* *Archæologia Cantiana; being the Transactions of the Kent Archaeological Society.* Vol. I. London, 1859.



Beresford Hope. The little church of St. Martin, interesting as a building, and far more so as a historical monument, was exhibited by the rector, a good man who had set on foot its restoration, and who has since passed away amid unusually wide and deep regret. After this, the other remarkable antiquities of the city divided the attention of the archaeologists with a Cathedral service, at which the music was "selected from the works of Kentish composers." Then followed the dinner, where, although the food was scanty, the drink sorry, the clatter deafening, and the attendance next to none, the guests were disposed to take everything well, and the speeches were remarkably good. The evening was agreeably finished by such of the visitors as were able to remain, in the spacious rooms and garden which were thrown open to them by the kindness of the Dean.

All this, it may be said, is mere playing at archaeology; and we do not deny that it is so. Yet it is a very pretty and harmless sort of play; and such meetings, however lightly the study may be taken up by the great mass of ladies and gentlemen who attend them, must really have the effect of spreading such an amount of knowledge as will at least be enough to prevent any outrageous acts of Vandalism against ancient monuments. We may, for instance, make very sure that, if the Kent Archaeological Association had existed a hundred years ago, Canterbury would now have her six city gates, instead of the one which alone remains—that, if it had existed fifty years ago, the great tower of St. Augustine's would still be standing—that, if such a body had existed, no idea would ever have been seriously entertained of demolishing the pharos of Dover or the massive keep of Rochester. No Mayor of Sandwich or Maidstone, no Dean of Canterbury or Rochester, no noble or squirely owner of some fine old castle or abbey—nay, we might almost say, no churchwarden or parish vestry, or Government Board—will henceforth perpetrate such atrocities in the destruction or reparation of the venerable buildings which are under their care as those which were perpetrated by their predecessors in mere well-meaning, ignorant simplicity. It is, indeed, rather surprising that the men of a county so remarkable in English history as Kent, and so full of archaeological interest—a county, too, which among its worthies has to boast of such eminent antiquaries as Sir John Marsham and Sir Roger Twysden—as Somner, and Batteley, and Bryan Faussett, and Hasted, and Streatfield—should not before this time have formed a society of this kind. But let us rejoice that—thanks chiefly to the exertions of the indefatigable secretary, the Rev. Lambert Larking—the Archaeological Association is at length founded, and in such a manner that we need not apprehend its failure. And here, in addition to the pleasant holiday of which we have been hitherto speaking, we are presented with a substantial result of its foundation in the first volume of an *Archæologia Cantiana*, a volume so handsome that we are quite unable to understand how it (if there were nothing else) can be afforded for the half-guinea subscription. Here, the papers which, when read at a meeting, diffuse a general gloom, with an alarming contagion of yawning, are in their right place. They do not hinder any livelier occupation, and the authors, instead of being execrated as a set of bores, conspiring to spoil the society's enjoyment of play, will be duly honoured as its workers, as those who promote its highest and truest objects. Every reader may take just so much as has an interest for him, may study this with such attention as it is impossible to bestow while listening to a public reading, and may skip the rest; and, while it is hardly to be expected that any appetite should be so omnivorous as to have a relish for all the contents, everybody, we should suppose, will find something or other to his taste.

The motto is "*Cant-wara mægð*;" and, as it is not every one who can interpret Anglo-Saxon, we must quote Dr. Bosworth's explanation, which certainly gives a rather alarming notion of the pregnant significance of that language:—

"*Cant-wara mægð*" does not merely mean the tribe, people, district, or county of Kent, or of Kentish men; but *wara* denotes *Kent-dwellers*, those who inhabit, those who are bound together, who dwell in all their domestic comforts as husbands; for "*wara*" is allied to "*wer*," a man, a husband.

"*Mægð*" has a still more extensive meaning; it denotes a tribe, people, the locality of a tribe, district, province; what has influence or power—originates or increases, as woman; from "*mæg*," a woman; "*magan*," to be able, to prevail. Hence, "*Cant-wara mægð*" may be paraphrased, and may include, whatever has been done by men, husbands of Kent, spellbound to the district, and influenced by the noble deeds and the great works of antiquity, by the gentle and all-persuasive power of woman.

This is pretty well; but it is nothing to the "Introduction" to which it is appended, and which is (to speak plainly) a monstrous piece of bombastic nonsense, so furiously Kentish in its tone as to suggest the suspicion that it must be the work of some foreigner to the county, attempting to "throw himself into" the exclusive spirit with which the men of Kent are sometimes, and perhaps not altogether unjustly, charged.

Passing over this somewhat unhappy opening, we come to reports of the Inaugural Meeting at Maidstone, and of the Canterbury gathering which we have already commemorated. Next follows a short letter from Professor Stanley to the Secretary, enforcing some of the chief reasons why the archaeology of Kent should be especially cultivated. And then the book proper begins. Among the most interesting contents are some letters of Archbishop Warham from the State Paper Office. The grim old primate comes out very amusingly. He is full of troubles. The state of religion alarms him, although he finds great consolation, not only for England, but for all Christendom, in the firm

Catholic orthodoxy of Henry VIII.—"Quod Deus talem tam pium, tam sanctum, tamque catholicum principem qualis serenissima Regia Majestas sit, hac tempestate nobis adversus damnatissimos ecclesie hostes atque hereticos, quasi e celo missum concesserit." His see is burdened with exactions of all kinds; and, in short, he gives us the idea that the archbishopric must be one of the most undesirable of places. But the great feature of the whole is his jealousy of Wolsey, and the testiness with which he peremptorily refuses to let Cardinal Campegio have the use of his litter farther than from Dover to Canterbury—apparently because it was Wolsey who had asked him to lend it—is a delightful little morsel. Among the other papers we may mention one on the "Collar of SS," by Mr. Foss; one on Caesar's landing-place, by Mr. Hussey, who, in opposition both to the vulgar opinion and to the Pevensey theory of the Astronomer Royal, shows reasons for placing it near St. Leonard's; a very agreeable essay by Mr. Blencowe, which will probably have the effect of sending many visitors to "Cowden and its neighbourhood" during the long vacation; and an elaborate discussion about "Roman Maidstone," by the Rev. Beale Poste, who seems to be a true disciple of the Rev. Dr. Dryasdust. The Secretary's own contributions are numerous—consisting chiefly of ancient documents which he has discovered, and has illustrated with knowledge, modesty, and good taste. Among these, the most remarkable is a portion of the Diary of Sir Roger Twysden, showing how this learned and excellent man—no servile partisan of the Crown, but a true constitutional Loyalist—was handled by the Parliament of 1641 for signing the Kentish petition. On the whole, the volume—although some of the usual defects of a first volume may perhaps be observed in it—does great credit to the Association, and justifies the hope that much of a very valuable kind may hereafter be produced by the labour of the members, and drawn forth from the ample stores of manuscript documents which are known to exist within the county. And we heartily wish that the third and fourth of August, 1859, may be as agreeably spent at Rochester as the thirtieth of July, 1858, was spent at Canterbury.

#### PHYSIOLOGY AS EDUCATION.\*

MAN has never needed any sermons on the text "Take care of thyself." He has always had a persuasive monitor within ready enough with eloquent counsel on that topic. But that he should learn some of the elementary conditions of life, so as properly to take care of himself—that he should learn such general facts about his own body and its relations to the external world as may prevent his endangering his existence through careless ignorance—this is an idea which is only dawning on the public mind. There has been a general disposition to trust that "all would go well;" and when all went very far from well, the physician, or the patent medicine, was put in requisition. The stable-door was left open in ignorance of the liability of horses to be stolen under such circumstances; the horse was missed, the police were called in, and, by dint of money, the horse was found—or not found. A suggestion as to locking the stable-door by way of precaution was finally adopted. It did not prevent horses from being stolen, but it considerably limited the number lost. The sanitary reformers of the present day, aided by the physiologists, are doing their best to urge upon the public the necessity of some knowledge of the general facts of life becoming a part of every man's education.

It is not necessary to be a physician in order to understand these cardinal facts, any more than it is necessary to be a botanist to know that nightshade is poisonous. A man would justly be considered dangerously ignorant who was not perfectly aware that arsenic is a poison, if taken in any but very small doses; but there are thousands of "well-informed" men, some of them holding very responsible situations, who are in precisely that state of ignorance respecting a poison far more common, and quite as destructive as arsenic—we mean carbonic acid gas—which is breathed forth incessantly by animals, and which, when not suffered to escape into the atmosphere, but allowed to accumulate in the ill-ventilated room, causes languor, disease, or violent death, according to the amount present in the air. A few years ago, the deck passengers of the *Londonderry* steamer were ordered by the captain to go below, because the weather was stormy. Down they went into the cabin; and to keep them sheltered from the storm, the captain closed the hatches. Had this well-meaning man been less culpably ignorant, he would have known that the worst rain and hail of the worst of storms would be harmless compared with the poisonous atmosphere which these men must breathe and breathe over again in that close cabin. But he had never been taught that elementary fact. The cabin was kept closed, and before morning seventy out of the hundred-and-fifty passengers were corpses!

This single example is enough to show that Physiology should form a part of general education. Every person holding a responsible situation, having others under his command, and having the arrangement of external conditions of food, dwelling, &c., ought to possess an elementary knowledge of the laws of our organization. He need not vex himself with scientific problems. He may let discussions on free cell-formation, or the metamor-

\* *Animal Physiology*. By W. B. Carpenter, M.D. New Edition, thoroughly Revised and partly Re-written. London: H. G. Bohn, 1859.

phosis of tissue, pass by him like the idle wind. He may altogether ignore "connective corpuscles." But he should be called upon to prove himself acquainted with all those elementary laws which in daily life he will constantly have to bear in mind.

Especially desirable is it that the mothers of England should make themselves acquainted with these elementary facts; and they can do so without any sacrifice of their delicacy, and without any previous training. They may learn animal physiology as well as they learn vegetable physiology. The study is not much more difficult, and is quite as interesting, while it is ten thousand times more important to them. Let us reflect for a moment on the perils of infancy—perils almost exclusively those of bad management, for the ordinary diseases of childhood are only fatal because the general health is enfeebled. About a century ago, such was the state of the London workhouses that twenty-three out of every twenty-four infants died in their first year. This was allowed to go on for a long while. At length Parliament interfered; a new system of management was adopted, and the proportion of deaths was speedily reduced from 2600 to 450 in a year.

It is a wonderful thing to hear a nurse or a mother-in-law talk physiology, and propose treatment founded on that physiology. Were it not so pitiable it would be unpayable amusement. But, unhappily, to this nurse or mother-in-law our wives and children are confided. How they escape is a mystery only less than how men return from a forlorn hope. Nature is kind, and bears a deal of ill-usage.

The work before us undertakes to furnish a text-book:—

The issue of the present volume may be considered as an attempt to supply what the author has long considered to be a deficiency in the literature of this country,—that, namely, of an Educational Treatise on Animal Physiology, which should at the same time communicate to its readers the facts of greatest importance as regards their practical bearing, and present these in such a form as to place the learner in possession of the essential principles of Physiological Science.

Dr. Carpenter has achieved a reputation as an industrious compiler, and his works have been widely circulated. The same success will no doubt attend this new edition of his *Animal Physiology* with that portion of the public which has not already purchased his larger works. If the present book is not precisely the thing required, it is at any rate free from one serious defect too common in such attempts—the defect of imperfect acquaintance with the existing state of science; and although a critical reader will observe here and there opinions which may be said to be now banished from the works of the latest and most eminent authorities, these are on points of little importance to the public. The only fault of much importance upon which we should be disposed to insist is that the book is much too technical for the general reader, and not elaborate enough for the student. Something of this lies in Dr. Carpenter's not having had distinctly present to his mind the kind of audience he was addressing; and something also is owing to his unfortunate style—a style which at all times makes his works laborious reading. After making all deductions, however, we must still say that this book contains a very able and useful summary of physiological knowledge.

There are three hundred and twenty-six woodcuts, which will be found of great assistance to the reader. These have already appeared in the celebrated *Zoologie* of Milne-Edwards, which, indeed, avowedly forms the groundwork of the present work. Dr. Carpenter has not, however, translated Milne-Edwards, but made such alterations and additions to the French original as he deemed advisable, transferring materials from his other works for this purpose. There may be some doubt whether a translation would not have better served the wants of the public, for Milne-Edwards, a master of his science, is a master of the art of popular exposition; but Dr. Carpenter has thought otherwise, and was at perfect liberty to act upon his thought.

The book opens with a chapter on the Vital Operations of Animals and the Instruments by which they are performed, and a brief account of the chemical constituents and structure of the tissues of the body. These are somewhat meagre for the student, especially the last section, and quite superfluous for the public. A second chapter embraces an abridgment of Milne-Edwards's General View of the Animal Kingdom. The third chapter is on the Nature and Sources of Animal Food. This is succeeded by chapters on Digestion, the Circulation, Respiration, and Secretion—the best in the book. We have then a brief and unsatisfactory review of the nutritive operations and the formation of the tissues; and an interesting chapter on the Evolution of Light, Heat, and Electricity by Animals. Chapter X. sketches the Functions of the Nervous System, which is followed by chapters on the Senses, on Animal Motion, and on Instinct, all full of interesting matter; and not less interesting is the final chapter on Reproduction.

From this brief indication of the subjects treated, the reader will be able to form a notion of the scope of the work; and if we cannot absolutely say that it supplies the deficiency which Dr. Carpenter has long noted in our literature, we can honestly say that it is a book likely to be very useful. We have endeavoured to indicate the kind of merit which the book possesses, and the kind of readers on whose attention it has a claim.

#### SUFFOLK SURNAMES.\*

WE think we are paying this book no small compliment in saying that we opened it and turned over more than one leaf in the full belief that the volume was printed in London, and that by "Suffolk" was to be understood the southern portion of

East Anglia. The book is, however, published at Boston, U.S., and "Suffolk" is Suffolk County, Massachusetts, comprising the city of Boston and its immediate neighbourhood. We do not remember to have ever seen an American book of which the paper and printing were so excellent.

The origin and derivation of surnames is always a curious subject. It is one which is at once replete with philological interest, and sure to produce something to excite amusement. The etymologies are full of instruction as to language and manners, while the corruptions are so ludicrous, the juxtapositions so grotesque, that any considerable list of names is sure to be of itself a sufficient Joe Miller. Moreover, the study of surnames often supplies some curious contributions to moral philosophy; at any rate, it exhibits frail humanity in some curious aspects. By how many subtle shifts does the bearer of any plebeian-sounding name endeavour to escape the literal and grammatical sense of his patronymic! How he catches at any accidental variety of spelling to separate himself from the vulgar herd. Every one ought to know that two centuries back *idem sonans* was the prevalent rule. Each man spelled his name with any combination of letters which produced the requisite sound. But how dangerous to hint to Mr. Smythe—how much more dangerous to hint to an East-Saxon Smijth—that he really differs in nothing from plain John Smith, whose ancestors worked at the anvil! How perilous it is to have correspondents whose eponymous patriarch bore the name of Philip, when you are sure to make a deadly enemy if you put in an *l* or a *p* too much or too little! What would have been the fate of the man who should have hinted at any connexion between "the Hon. Sir Richard Broun, Chief of the House of Broun, and descended from the ancient Counts of Poitou," and the more celebrated Mr. Brown, who took the tour in company with Messrs. Jones and Robinson? We have heard of Litles who bore the motto *Multum in Parvo*, but who would have perished rather than allow a second *t* to have identified them with the pseudonym of Thomas Moore. We have heard of Dixons who abjured all connexion with the ancestral Dick—who might nevertheless have been Dick Whittington, or Richard King of the Romans—and who preferred rather to believe that their forefathers were inhabitants of *Dijon*; the connexion between Spain and Burgundy, and the Spanish identity of *x* and *j* easily accounting for the slight change in the spelling of the name.

But curious as are English surnames, American surnames are more curious still. The strange *colluvies gentium* of the Western continent, the mispronunciations of every language by the speakers of every other language, have produced a set of designations which fairly beat the Old World hollow. To work these out scientifically would be less valuable philologically than to do the same with English names, because the corruptions are of more recent origin. But for that very reason it would be still more amusing. And, indeed, we have not seen many volumes more amusing than this of Mr. Bowditch. Open it anywhere at random, and you are sure to light upon something grotesque. Indeed, Mr. Bowditch has sacrificed too much to this aspect of his subject. He is clearly capable of treating it far more scientifically than he has done. He himself confesses, in his concluding remarks, that in classifying names he has "sometimes regarded their apparent rather than their actual derivations and original meanings. In some instances," he continues, "as I well know, my analogies have been more fanciful than real." That is to say, in order to produce a grotesque juxtaposition, Mr. Bowditch has frequently given etymologies which he knows to be inaccurate. He exhibits in various places sufficient knowledge of French, German, and even Welsh, to show that it is quite wilfully that he often passes by real derivations in those languages for facetious ones in English. Sometimes, indeed, his conscience seems to smite him, and he puts the true derivation in a note. Again, his book loses its local value by not being confined to "Suffolk Surnames." It was originally collected from the names occurring in official lists and documents in the city of Boston; Mr. Bowditch has, however, extended his plan by inserting various names found in various lists from other parts of the United States as well as from England. These two causes prevent the book from claiming a place on the shelf, either of philology or of local antiquities. It is, however, a singularly amusing volume, and every collection of names has its value for those who wish to treat the subject in that scientific manner which Mr. Bowditch clearly could have done, but has not.

The following is perhaps as curious a specimen as any of the odd scraps which Mr. Bowditch accumulates, though it will be at once seen, and doubtless is seen by Mr. Bowditch himself, that some of his derivations are merely apparent:—

The sexes are confused in the names of Mr. Maddam, Mr. Bloomer, Mr. Phillis, Mr. Cornelia, Mr. Alice, and Mr. Allis (1679); Mr. Annis, Mr. Cato, Mr. Hagar, Mr. Isbell, Mr. Patter, Mr. Pegge, Mr. Hannah, Mr. Hannahs, Mr. Ellen (1664), Mr. Ellens (1665) Mr. Lilly, Mr. Beckey, Mr. Lucy, Mr. Lucey, Mr. Maggi, Mr. Elsie (1672), Mr. Marian, Mr. Maude, Mr. Mercy, Mr. Nell, Mr. Nance, Mr. Rachel, Mr. Ruth (Mrs. Boaze), Mr. Rooth, Mr. Jenny, Mr. Bessie, Mr. Shea, Mr. Leddy, Mr. Liddy, Mr. Liset, Mr. Louise, Mr. Nunn, Mr. Dame, Mr. Virgin, Mr. Bride, Mr. Widdowes, Mr. Maresa, and Miss Monks. Mr. Eve is mentioned in the Boston newspapers, but is not a dealer in fruit. . . . Mr. John Augusta lives in New York, where we also find Mr. Dolly, Mr. Cara, Mr. Jane, Mr. Honnora, Mr. Frances, Mr. Leah, Mr. Sues, Mr. Lady. . . . Mr. Moll, Mr. Mollison, Mr. Mollman, Mr. Megson, Mrs. Male, Mrs. Males, Mr. Shee, Mr. Sally, and Mrs. Billy. . . . Mr. Henrietta lives at Norwalk, Conn., Mr. Dolley, at Yarmouth, Me. . . . Mr. Bess, of Drayton, O., failed in August, 1839. . . . Mr. Weibrecht (or "woman's rights") made a deed

\* *Suffolk Surnames*. By N. J. Bowditch. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1859.



(L. 710 f. 254). . . . Mariana ranks high among Spanish historians. Hon. Justice Hellen, of Dublin, was a subscriber to the Maslin Bible. . . . Mr. Crone, of Aurora, failed in 1857. Mr. Queen, of the Marine Corps, in 1849 was doubtless a good republican. This name is also found in New York. The "lovely Thais" is also represented. Mr. Wimen, of that city, seems to embody the whole sex. On the other hand, the distinguished astronomer, Dr. Maskyline, seems to abjure them altogether.

These female names borne as surnames would of course arise in two opposite cases, when the rank of the mother greatly exceeded that of the father, and when the father was altogether unknown. Svend Estrittson and Henry Fitz-Empress are types of the one class—the Bettises, Ansons, and Nansons of ordinary life are specimens of the other.

To Mr. Bowditch's collections we cannot help adding a few flowers of our own gathering. He has occasionally added effect to his surnames by the juxtaposition of grotesque Christian names. What will our readers say when they are told that they are themselves contemporary with Maher-shalal-hash-baz Farthing, and with Joseph-of-Arimathæa Rowley Hickling? In turning over the Register of a Welsh parish church we found the banners of John Lay and Gwennlian Priest—typifying, doubtless, the union of Church and State in a way that ought to have edified schismatical neighbours. We remember a Mr. *Sanctuary* being inadvertently addressed by a friend as *Tabernacle*. A less amusing subject, but one quite as valuable historically, would be a history of Christian names. When and whence did such and such names come into such and such countries? When did the practice of double names originate? When did that of using surnames as Christian names? How came our forefathers before the Conquest by a set of names so totally different from the other Teutonic nations, so that we should hardly find an English William or a non-English Edward? Why especially did they eschew those scriptural names of which the Normans were so fond? The West-Saxon royal line never produced a John or a Thomas, while they abounded among the Plantagenets. The gradual creeping in of these scriptural names is especially curious. In the West, the choice is chiefly confined to the New Testament, though Adam and Elias were certainly popular. But no Western realm was governed, as far as we remember, by a King Samuel or an Emperor Isaac. Again, what would have been the result if the old Roman nomenclature had not been so thoroughly broken up before the spread of Christianity? Supposing the old system of prænomen, nomen, and cognomen had survived in the days of Constantine and Justinian, it is possible that lists of Emperors and Bishops, and even the Consular Fasti themselves, might have exhibited such portentous entries as a Petrus Cornelius Scipio or an Abraham Fabius Maximus.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

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IN consequence of numerous applications from persons desirous of completing their Sets of the "Saturday Review," all the early Numbers have been reprinted; and the Publisher is now able to deliver single copies of each number from the commencement, at 6d. each copy, unstamped. He is also prepared to supply entire volumes as under:—

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LAST WEEK BUT THREE OF MR. CHARLES KEAN'S MANAGEMENT. On Monday, and during the week, will be presented THE CORSIKAN BROTHERS (for Six Nights only). Fabien and Louis del Franchi, by Mr. C. KEAN. To conclude with a MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

THE HEART OF THE ANDES, by FREDERIC E. CHURCH (Painter of "The Great Fall, Niagara"), is being exhibited daily by Messrs. DAY and SON, Lithographers to the Queen, at the GERMAN GALLERY, 108, New Bond-street. Admission, One Shilling.

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SUBSCRIPTIONS for the TESTIMONIAL to be presented to CHARLES KEAN, Esq., F.S.A., will be received by the following Bankers:—Messrs. COULTS and CO., Strand, London; The UNION BANK, Pall Mall; And Messrs. BOBARTS, CURTIS, and CO.

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For further information and prospectuses application may be made to the Dean of the Faculty; or to Dr. BOAD, Hon. Sec. to the Medical Faculty, Queen's College.

### QUEEN ELIZABETH'S SCHOOL, IPSWICH, RE-OPENS

on THURSDAY, AUGUST 25th. The Boarders re-assemble on Wednesday.

EDUCATION IN GERMANY.—BONN-ON-THE-RHINE.—Mr. MORSEBACH, Principal of an Establishment at Bonn, has now arrived in England, and will be happy to see the friends of his English pupils, and attend to new inquiries. Messrs. DICKINSON, 114, New Bond-street, will supply references or prospectuses, and give any necessary information.

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